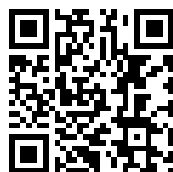

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The Nursery

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THE
NURSERY

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE

FOR YOUNGEST READERS.

VOLUME VII.

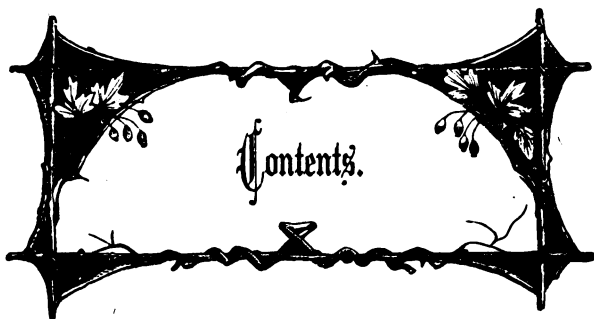
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THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.



T was Aunt Susan's plan. She is always doing something to make others happy. She said to papa and mamma, "These children have never seen a Christmas-tree. We must have a Christmas-tree for them."

And papa and mamma both said, "Oh, yes, Susan! that will be the very thing."

And then they all three put their heads together to take us by surprise.

Aunt Susan bought the presents. I know she did; for I remember now that she came home, one day, looking very sly, with some brown-paper parcels tucked away in her muff. She couldn't have put all the presents into her muff, though;

and how they got into the house, and how that tree got in, without my knowing it, is more than I can tell.

I keep my eyes open: I know pretty well what is going on; but they got ahead of me this time.

But I see now why it was that we were all kept up stairs that afternoon. When I was on the point of asking Jane to go down and play battledoor with me in the sitting-room, Aunt Susan popped up and said, "Look here, Charley: I have some pictures to show you."

Oh, yes! I was not wanted down stairs just then. Papa and mamma must have been fixing the tree about that time.

Well, I staid and looked at the pictures until it was dark, when we heard papa's voice in the entry, calling to us to come down.

Then Aunt Susan with the baby in her arms, and Jane and I, and little Johnny (we call him Tot), all went down together.

The entry was dark; but when papa opened the door of the sitting-room, there came a blaze of light, and there we saw the Christmas-tree in all its glory.

What a gorgeous sight it was! Poor little Tot didn't know at first whether to laugh or cry. Jane threw up her hands with delight. I was quite amazed. And as to the baby, she almost jumped out of Aunt Susan's arms.

We stood for a moment, gazing at the tree without saying a word. Then papa pulled out the rocking-horse and said, "Johnny, this is for you;" and mamma took up a splendid great doll, and said, "Jane, this is marked with your name;" and Aunt Susan snatched a rattle from the tree, and said, "Here is something for baby;" and then we all went in and picked out the rest of the presents for ourselves.

Didn't our tongues go then? I should think they did.

Well, I can't tell you all the presents that we had. I got a knife and a wallet and a book. We thought that there never was a Christmas-tree equal to ours.

But we found out, the next day, that there was a Christmas-tree at Uncle John's at the very same time. I do believe that Aunt Susan had a hand in that too; for the doll that Cousin Ellen brought over to show us was exactly like our Jane's doll. Cousin Tom, who came with her, had a present of a drum; and he made such a racket with it on our door-step that papa said he was glad that Christmas came only once a year.

But, for my part, I should like to have it Christmas all the year round.

CHARLES.





THE WATCHER.

LITTLE Nora sits by the door ;
Faithful Carlo lies on the floor :
Nora looks sleepy, and Carlo wise.
Nora shuts up her great blue eyes,
Leans her head against the wall,
Looks as if she were going to fall.

Carlo puts his paw on her arm :
“ I think,” he barks, “ you will come
to harm.”
Nora wakes, and runs away
Into the yard with Carlo to play.

E. D. R.



THE LAZY LAD.

THERE was a boy at our school whose name was Silas Low. He always wrote his name thus: *S. Low*. I am not a friend

to nicknames; but he here gave too great a temptation to the boys.

To change *S. Low* into *Slow* was an easy step: so Silas lost his name of *Low* for that of *Slow*; for slow he was in all he tried to do.

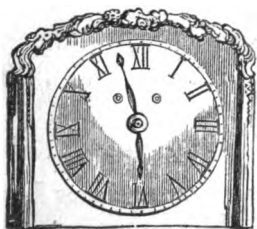
If his father told him to run for a pail of water, Silas would stretch himself, and slouch out of the room at a snail's pace, and not come back, perhaps, for five minutes. I think he would not have been the right sort of a boy to help put out fires.

When Silas left school, he tried to get a living by selling newspapers in the street; but in this he was still *slow*. All the little boys would sell off their stock of papers while he was idling away his time leaning on a wall, or looking into a shop-window.

Idle boys often make idle men; for it is hard to throw off a habit fixed on us in our youth. Silas was a lazy boy, and he grew up a lazy man. He never lost his name of "Old Slow." Now, "slow and sure" is not a bad motto; but Silas was neither fast nor sure.

The last I saw of him he was running to catch a railroad train in one of the cars of which I sat. Ah! He was just half a minute too late. "Slow to the last!" thought I, as we whirled away, leaving poor Silas far behind.

UNCLE CHARLES.



'Tis true, it has both face and hands,
And moves before your eyes;
But when it moves it always stands,
And when it stands it lies.



PLAYS FOR RAINY DAYS.

THERE are so many children in our house, that we always have a good time when it rains. In the morning, we take all the picture-papers we can find, and cut the pictures out nicely to paste in the scrap-book.

Some of us do that, while Jenny pastes them in. Mary sometimes paints the prettiest of the pictures. The easiest ones to paint are the houses: she paints the brick houses red, and the stone houses brown.

Our scrap-book is splendid to look at. It has pictures of Central Park, and the Hudson River, and the big trees of California, and the palace of Queen Victoria, and the Pyramids of Egypt, with camels and tents near them.

When we get tired of the pictures, we play housekeeping; and Harry builds a cooking-stove for us of big books, with two ovens and a fireplace in it.

Then Fred comes to the door of the room as the grocer; and Jenny goes out, and buys of him potatoes and crackers and raisins. Then Jenny and I roll up our sleeves, and get the things ready for dinner.

When we get the potatoes in the oven, we find we have forgotten the apples, and Mary has to go to Fred's grocery-store for them.

When it gets almost dark in the afternoon, we open all the doors on one floor, and play tag and hide-and-peek out in the hall. Some of us hide behind the stairs in the hall, and some in the closet under papa's great-coat.

Sometimes we amuse ourselves with a game called "The Dutch Doll." This is played by a boy, who, when the folks are out of the room, stretches himself at full length under a table covered with a large cloth, so as to hide him all but his feet, which are raised sole upwards.

One of the children then dresses his feet with clothes, so that they look something like a large doll. Before the folks come in, he raises his feet so that the doll appears to stand upright: as soon as they enter, the figure begins to act all sorts of antics, and the effect is quite funny.

JANE.



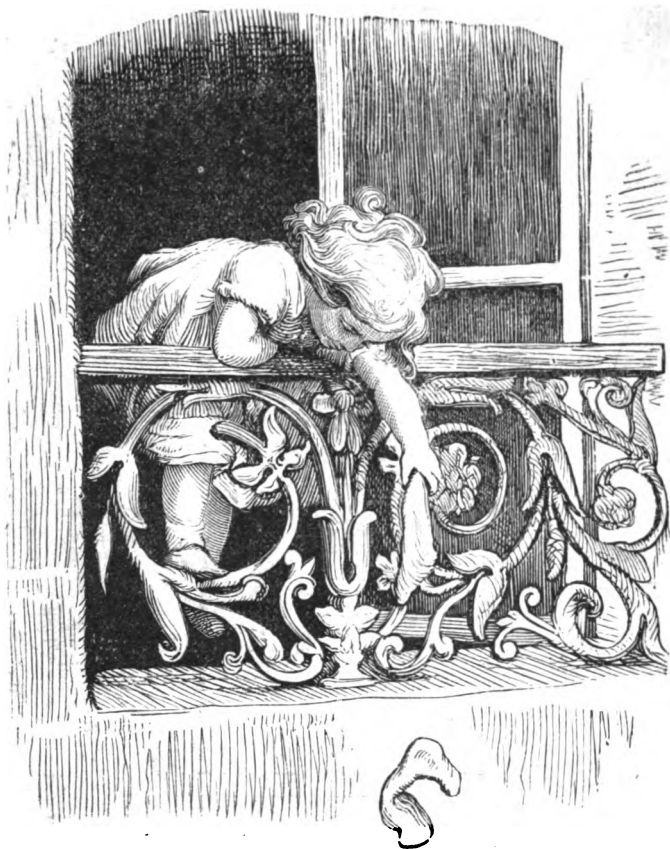


NORA AT HOME.

ILLUSTRATED BY FROLICH. — IN FIVE SCENES.

SCENE FIRST. — AT THE MIRROR.

HAVING been left alone in her mamma's room, Nora employs herself for some time in dressing her doll. Her doll's name is Grace; and she has a fine bonnet, as you may see if you will look sharp. But Nora, all at once, sees a pretty little girl in the mirror. So she pulls up her chair to the glass, and sits down to amuse herself with talking to this little girl, who, she soon finds, is no other than a reflection of Nora herself.



SCENE SECOND. — AT THE BALCONY.

I think if Nora had something useful to do, she would not so often get into mischief. After she had talked to the little girl in the mirror, she opened a drawer, and pulled over the clean clothes till they were all rumpled. Then she took a comb, and broke it in trying to use it. Then she took a pair of stockings, and, leaning over the balcony, dropped one of them into the yard. But she was not yet content.



SCENE THIRD. — MORE MISCHIEF.

“What have I done now?” cried Nora, as she looked on the broken lamp on the floor. She had taken a lighted match to light the lamp on the chimney; but, in trying to reach the top of the lamp, she had pulled it over on the floor, and broken it. “What will mamma say now?” thought Nora. I think mamma will say that it is time Nora had something to do to keep her out of mischief.



SCENE FOURTH. — NORA'S GOVERNESS.

As there were no good schools near the house where Nora lived, her mamma thought that the best thing she could do would be to hire a governess to come and teach Nora to read. So the governess came; and, though Nora was at first a little frightened, she liked her face so much, that she thought she should soon learn to love her. The governess kissed Nora, and talked to her so kindly, that in a day or two she had quite won the little girl's heart.



SCENE FIFTH. — LEARNING TO READ.

See Nora learning to read. She can say her A B C, for she learned those letters from the wooden blocks she plays with. Now she is learning to tell such big words as *box*, *fox*, *dog*, *hog*, *cat*, *hat*, *boy*, *toy* ; and soon she will be able to read words with more than three letters in them. I think, from her looks, that she means to give her mind to her task.



GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

A FAIR little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see ;
Then smoothed her work, and folded it right,
And said, " Dear work, good-night ! good-night ! "

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying " Caw ! caw ! " on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
" Little black things, good-night ! good-night ! "

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed ;
The sheep's " Bleat ! bleat ! " came over the road :
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
" Good little girl, good-night ! good-night ! "

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there, like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's own time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall, pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets ~~crossed~~ courtesied and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on the pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day,
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning! good-morning! our work is begun!"

LORD HOUGHTON.



SEE JOHNNY LOOKING AT THE PICTURES IN "THE NURSERY".

WINTER HAS COME.

"Tis snowing fast, — hurrah! hurrah!"

I heard my Willie say:

"I now can draw my pretty sled,
And in the snow-drifts play.

"Let me but pull my mittens on,

I'll make the snowballs fly:

If you look out the window, Nell,
You'll see them whizzing by.

"Papa thinks I'm not old enough;

I must not try to skate:

And mother says another year
Will not be long to wait.

"But famous forts I mean to build,

And on the ice I'll slide:

How swiftly o'er the shining crust
My bonny sled will glide!

"So glad I am this storm has come!

What merry rides we'll take!

We soon shall hear the jingling bells
Their tinkling music make.

"I know that lovely summer brings

Its many fruits and joys;

But then old frosty winter gives
Such fun for lively boys!

C. A. M.



WINTER.

OUR DOG SLY.

SLY is the best watch-dog you ever saw. We got him to keep the rats away; but Sly has a perfect contempt for rats. It is *big* game and plenty of fun he likes; such as chasing the grocer-boy, scaring the lager-beer man, with his box of bottles, half out of his wits.

One day the post-man came up the steps, to leave "The Nursery" for "Miss Jennie R." Sly saw him, and was out in a moment, seizing the post-man, and leaping at his letter-bag; for Sly thought the post-man had stolen that bag-full out of his master's hall, and deemed it his duty to stop the thief.

The post-man said, "Begone, sir! away with you, sir!" but Sly said, "Bow-wow! bow-wow!" which meant, you know, "Leave the bag, sir, and then you may go."

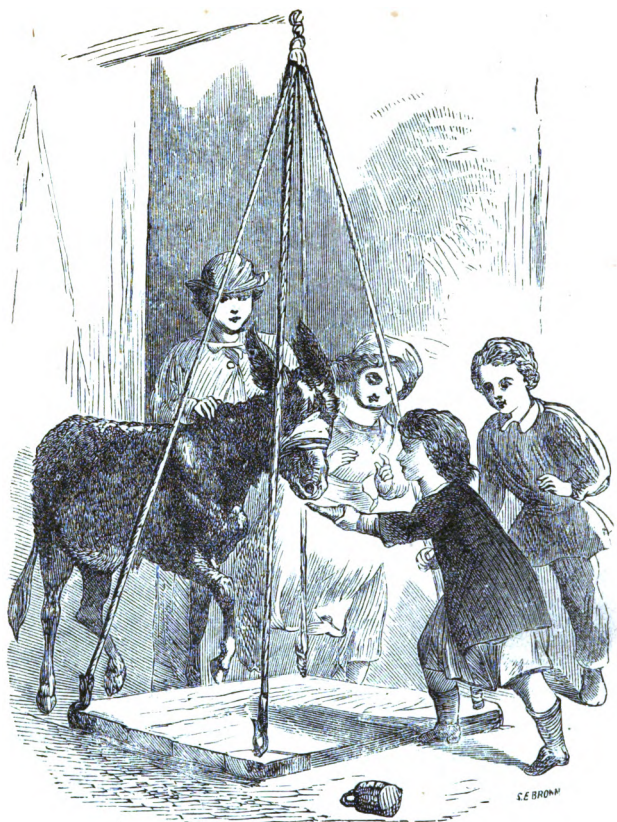
So Sly held him fast. The post-man pulled and pulled the bell; and the servant came, and caught poor Sly, who had to be chained until the post-man and his bag were out of sight.

Sly sometimes does not come home early to bed, as a good dog should; but late at night, after the house has been locked up, he will run up the steps to the front door, and paw and scratch with all his might.

If his master does not hear him, he will bark as loud as he can. If the door is not opened pretty quick, he will howl until all the family are in a hurry to wait upon his dog-ship.

Sly has no notion of staying in the streets all night, when a good bed is ready for him at home. Is not our dog a *sly* fellow?

EDDIE H.



WEIGHING THE DONKEY.

WE have a donkey, and his name is Major. He is a very good donkey, so long as he can have his own way; but let him once suppose that you are making him go *your* way instead of his own, and it is all in vain to try to make him mind you.

If any one of us children should mount his back and try to make him go to the pond, Major would turn and trot off to the grove; and, if we should try to make him go to the

grove, he would be seized with a sudden wish to go to the pond.

If we take a stick and beat him, he will kick up his heels and run, or else lie down on the ground and roll so as to throw us off. So it is no use trying to rule the Major by harsh means.

The other day, we thought we would weigh him. But how should we get him to step into the scale? At last we blindfolded his eyes, and then our brother Nelson held a carrot to his nose; and in that way we got him on to the plank so that we could weigh him. He weighed three hundred and thirty pounds.

Donkeys, if well treated, will do good service. They are not so stupid as most persons seem to think. In Italy they will carry you over rough roads with great skill. Sometimes, in steep places, they will slide down hill on their haunches, and then they will skip along like kids, though they may have heavy burdens on their backs.

They can be ruled better by the voice than by blows; and better by kind words than rough. They know when they are scolded, and they resent it. They are fond of music. They are cleanly, and never have fleas.

Our Major is very fond of children. Put a baby on his back, and he will be as careful of it as a nurse. Let a child come up to give him something to eat, and Major will take it, with his mouth, out of the child's hand, as neatly as you could wish.

So we all love the Major, and I think he loves us; for, when we let him loose in the field, he will let us play with him, and will take great care not to hurt us. He loves fun as well as any boy.

THE BOY WITH A HAT ON IN THE PICTURE.



WILLY LEARNS HIS LETTERS.

WILLY is three years old. He does not go to school, but he likes to

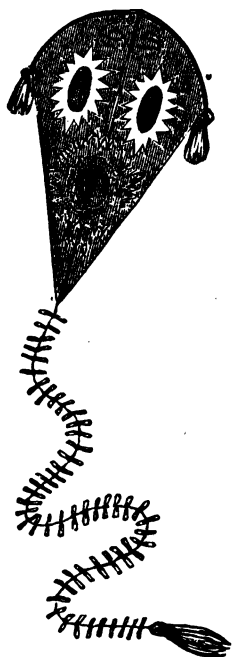
learn his letters. He knows many of them now. He takes his book in his lap, and points them out with his finger.

He can show you O and R and N and S as soon as he sees them. He will soon learn all the rest.

Willy takes "The Nursery." He likes to look at the pictures. He gets his mamma to read the stories to him; but he learns so fast that I think he will be able to read them himself before long. He is a good little boy.



EDDY'S MESSAGE.



"WHAT makes mamma cry?" asked little Eddy, as he came in from play one day, after the battle of Gettysburg.

"There has been a dreadful battle, my dear, and I am anxious about papa," said his mother.

A little while after that, Eddy brought some clean white paper for his mother to make him a kite. It being finished, his mother saw him, with his spelling-book and a lead pencil, writing on his kite.

After dinner, in rushed Eddy, with shining eyes and glowing cheeks, exclaiming, —

"I sent it, mamma! I sent it!"

"What, my dear? What have you sent? and where?"

"Why, mamma, I wrote on my kite, '*Won't God please take good care of papa, and send him back to mamma and Eddy;*' and then I sent up my kite; and, when it got very high, I cut the string; and I guess God has got it by this time."

Ah, little Eddy! God is very near to every one of us, and our messages need not be written on paper, or sent up above the clouds, in order that he may get them. He knows our thoughts before we speak them. Let us try to make them good and pure.

ADDIE HAYES.

WHAT THE TREE SAID.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

I WAS a nice little evergreen tree, and was born in a wood not more than two miles from the River Hudson. All that I had to do, the first ten years of my life, was to look up at the sun, or stand as straight as I could while the wind shook my little branches, or while the rain sent its drops down to my roots.

Sometimes, in winter, the snow would fall thick, and cover me with a white sheet, so that I could not see the sun; but soon the snow would melt, and drip off from my needle-like leaves; and then what little tree so happy as I?

But, this last December, on a cold day, when the pond near by my home was all ice, I saw, all at once, by my side a man and a boy with axes over their shoulders.

"Look here, father," said the boy, taking hold of my trunk, and shaking me: "here is a fine little tree, that would bring half a dollar, at least, in New York."

I trembled in every limb as I heard these words. I felt that my time had come. "Yes: that would make a nice little Christmas-tree," said the father: "down with it!"

Ah, what a shock it was, when the boy's axe struck deep into my trunk, close to the earth, and cut me off from my native soil! I was thrown into a cart, with other small trees, — hemlocks and pines, — and taken to the great city.

Here I was bought by a good father of a family, who took me home, and set me upright in a room, and hung my boughs with all sorts of toys and New-Year's gifts, — with drums and trumpets, and dolls and dolls' dresses, and baskets and books, and more things than I can name.

The lamps were lit, and the children came in. There were mother and baby, Lucy and Arthur, James and Ellen, The-



odore, Mary, grandpa and grandma, and William Edward. I know I am right in the names, because I heard them over so many times.

Papa stood by the tree to distribute the gifts. James got "The Nursery," and was so eager to read it, that he did not care much to see what the others got. Theodore got a basket of flowers, and Mary a silver thimble.

As I looked round, and saw the happy faces of young and old, I said to myself, "Now, little tree, is not an hour of joy and love like this worth a whole winter spent amid the snow and ice?"

But, ah! I cannot hope to live long and keep my fresh looks. Now that I am cut from my roots, I must dry up and perish, or be thrown into the fire. The swallow will come back with the warm days of spring, but not to make you glad, little tree.

No matter, little tree! You have given much joy to childhood and to old age. You have been linked, in thought, to thoughts of God and of Christ's birth, and to the love of parents for their little ones, and of the little ones for their parents.

You have not lived in vain, my little tree!

EMILY CARTER.



BABY'S TOES.

THIS one is a blossom, all rosy and white;
And this is a daisy, that peeps up so bright;
And this is a pansy, my baby's delight;
This one is a snowdrop, so fair to the sight;
A wee, tiny rosebud, mamma must call this;
And the foot is a posy for papa to kiss.

COUSIN SUE.



HOW ROSE TOOK CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

A FEW years since, there was a little boy named Nelson, who lived in London. He was seven years old; and he had a sister two years younger, and a brother three years younger, than himself. The parents of these children were poor.

One day, when Nelson was coming back from an errand for his mother, a poor little terrier-dog followed him. This dog seemed weak and hungry; his feet and legs were covered with mud, and one of them was lame.

"What is the matter, little dog?" asked Nelson; and, hearing these kind words, the little dog trotted after the boy more boldly, as if he had found a good friend.

On looking closer, Nelson saw that there were lumps on the dog's side, as if he had been beaten with a stick. When the boy reached his home, the dog waited outside on the doorstep.

The children came out to see him; and the dog had such a look of sorrow in his large dark eyes, that it made them cry with pity.

"Do let us keep him, mother, and take care of him," said they; "for he has been badly used."

The mother wished her children to be merciful and kind; so she let the poor dog lie in the wash-house for the night, and gave it some food. The children called the dog Rose; for that was the prettiest name they could think of.

In a few days, Rose grew to be quite strong and well; and he showed his gratitude for kindness in a wonderful manner.

He guarded the house, took care of the hens and chickens, and, what was best of all, went daily with the children to school, and fetched them home.

Now, there was a bad place to cross in the road to the school, and the eldest boy found it hard to take care of his little brother and sister in getting across this place.

Rose seemed to know what ought to be done. He would walk before the children to the edge of the sidewalk, and then, if he saw a carriage coming, he would bark at the children, and run round them, as if they were a flock of sheep he was taking care of.

He would not let one of the children cross until he saw it was safe, and the road was clear, so that they would not be run over; and then he would lead them across, and so frolic along until he came to the school.

Leaving the children at school, Rose would trot home. By and by, the good mother would say, "Rose, it is time to fetch the children;" and then this faithful dog would run to the school, and bring the children home in the same way he had led them before.

As winter came, he would carry their dinner-basket for

them; and sometimes he would even carry an umbrella for them in his mouth. For three years the good dog kept up this care, and then the children were old enough to take care of themselves.

But they did not forget their good dog Rose. This story is a true one, and I think you will see in the picture a true likeness of this good little dog.

UNCLE CHARLES.



SHADOW BUFF.

In this game, a large white cloth or sheet is stretched tight against the wall; and the child who plays Buff sits before it in such a way that he cannot see his comrades. The children then disguise themselves as much as possible, and throw their shadows on the sheet. If Buff recognizes one, he calls out the name, and they change places.

THE BUSY LITTLE GIRL.



LETTIE is four years old. She likes to help her mother about the work. Every Monday morning she is as busy as a bee. "I'll help you wash, mamma," she says. "Let's see who'll get their clothes out first."

So Lettie takes some towels from the basket, and "plays wash" in a dry pail. In a few minutes, they are all hung out on the clothes-bars to dry. "What a smart girl!" says mamma: "I can't keep up with you."

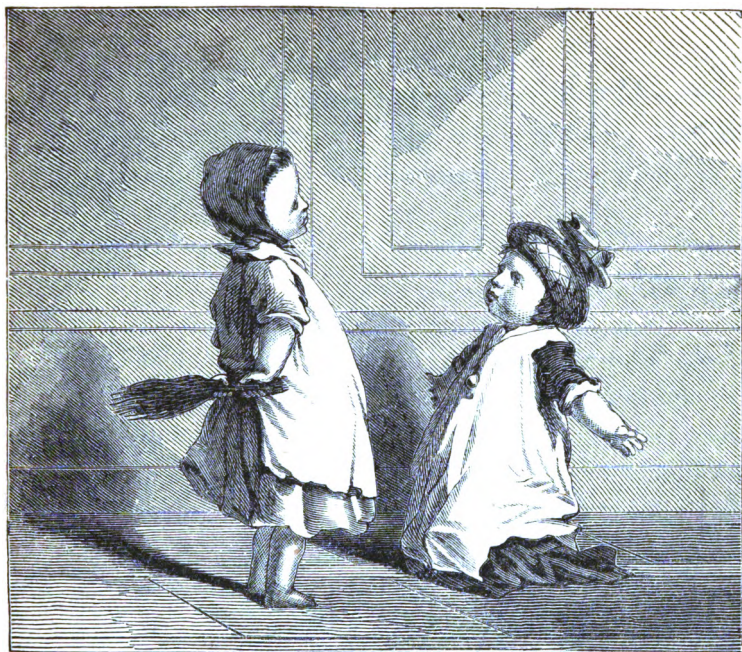


Then Lettie says, "Now my washing's all done, so I will help you. If you will give me the clothes-poker, I'll poke down the clothes." She always calls the clothes-stick a clothes-poker. She is not tall enough to reach the clothes when she stands on the floor; so she climbs up on the edge of the boiler. "Take care," calls mamma, "or you will fall in."



The other day, Lettie's mother said, "You will be five years old on your next birthday. You are old enough to go to school."

Lettie was glad to hear that. "Shall I carry my dinner?" she asked. "Yes," said her mother: "I will put it in this little tin pail." So Lettie put on her little cloak and shaker, and started for school, with the pail in her hand.



PLAYING SCHOOL.

Emma. — WHY didn't you get your lesson, miss ?

Jane. — Because I couldn't. I did the best I could.

Emma. — How many seconds are there in a thousand years ?

Jane. — Please, ma'am, I don't know, ma'am.

Emma. — Oh ! what a stupid, ignorant, provoking child you are ! You put me out of all patience. I see there is nothing that can help you but the rod.

Jane. — Please, ma'am, don't ! On my knees I beg you, — don't !

Emma. — Then tell me how many seconds there are in a thousand years.

Jane. — Must I do that sum without my pencil and slate, ma'am ?

Emma. — Yes: do it in your mind, and do it quickly.

Jane. — I can't do it quickly: can you ?

Emma. — That's nothing to the point, miss. I see that a good whipping is what you want. There! Take that — and that — and that!

Jane. — Oh, don't! I'll never do so again. Don't! don't! (*Screams*).

ENTER MAMMA.

Mamma. — Why, children, what is the matter? What is the meaning of all this noise and outcry?

Emma. — We are only playing school, mamma. Jane hasn't learned her lesson, and so —

Mamma. — There! Stop your noise. Your papa is trying to read. Go and play in the garden.

EMILY CARTER.



THE NURSERY HAS COME!



THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.

THE TRUMPETER'S HORSE.



ANY years ago, there lived in France a little boy whose name was Ernest. He had a grandfather who was a trumpeter in the army.

The old man loved to take his little grandson into the stable, and hold him on his knee, and teach him not to be afraid of the horses.

Ernest would begin by giving a horse a lump of sugar, or a bit of cake; and this would please the horse so much that he would neigh loud whenever the little boy came near. He would even let the little boy sit on his back and pull his ears.

Then Ernest, as he grew older, would ride the horse to water. He loved to go with his grandfather, on parade-days, to see the soldiers and hear the music.

When the time of peace was at an end, and war came on, Ernest was quite sad; for his grandpa, with his good horse Noble, had to go with the troops to battle. Is it not sad that men and nations will not settle their quarrels without fighting?

Month after month passed by, and no news was heard of the poor old trumpeter. Ernest thought he must have been killed in battle; and the little boy wept to think that he should not see his dear grandpa again in this world.

But one summer-day, as Ernest stood by the roadside, he heard a horse neigh; and the little boy said to himself, "That is old Noble's voice! I'm sure of it."

Yes: the old trumpeter had come back, though with the loss of an arm; and he had brought old Noble with him.

How glad Ernest was to see them both! But he began to cry when he saw that his grandfather had lost an arm. "Never cry, my boy," said the old man: "what's an arm?"

If I lost it, did I not lose it for my country? Laugh, my lad, laugh, to find that I have come off so well."

Then Ernest tried to laugh; and when his mother came out, and saw her old father quite well and gay, in spite of his loss, they all laughed, and then they wept; but their tears were tears of joy.

The old man told them, how, when he lay wounded and weak on the ground, good old Noble would not leave him, but kept near, and snuffed of him, and made such a noise, that by and by two men came up and helped him off to a place where he was taken care of.

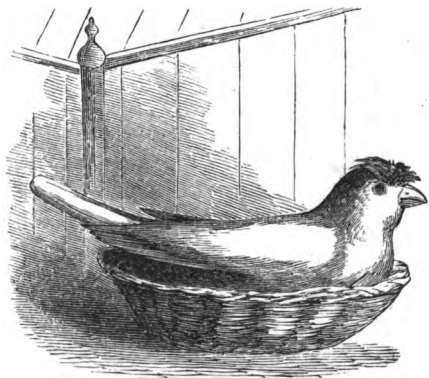
EMILY CARTER.

MRS. CANARY AND HER FAMILY.

MRS. CANARY lived in a large cage, in which, at one end, was a nice little room with a basket in it for a nest.

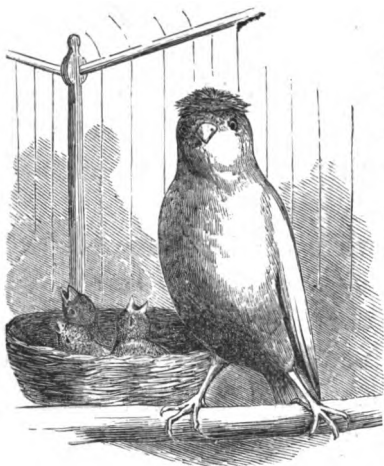
She carried in her beak threads and bits of paper, and lined the basket with them to make it soft and warm.

Mr. Canary was very good, and helped her get the nest ready. Then she laid three cunning eggs, and kept them covered in the soft feathers of her breast for two weeks.



One morning she heard tiny voices calling out, "Peep! peep!" and, raising herself, she saw that three little canaries were hatched, and had already begun to open their bills wide for something to eat.

Mr. Canary was as much delighted as his wife, and he brought her some soft cracker to feed them with.



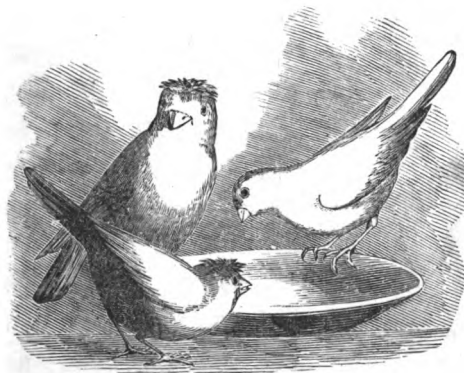
Little canaries are not very pretty before their feathers come. They have long necks and big heads. They can't open their eyes; and they tumble about in the nest in a very helpless way.

Mrs. Canary, however, thought hers were the most beautiful little creatures that ever broke egg-shell. She talked to them in a soft, cooing voice; and what she said meant this:—

"My sweet darlings, — beauties every one! You shall have some nice cracker, so you shall. Here, here! don't peep so. That's enough. Go to sleep now. Mother will keep you warm, and father will sit on the perch and sing you a song."

By and by the feathers grew on the little birds, and then they were very handsome indeed.

Here is a picture of them eating some soft cracker out of a little dish:—



"I want some," says Sam. "Why don't you take it," says Will.— "You don't give me room," says Sam. "I got here first," says Will. Then Sam gives a jump on to the edge of the dish. Will tries to push him off; and, between them, Robert gets tumbled head first into the soft cracker. "I'll just tell ma," he says as he picks himself up.



BLINDMAN'S BUFF.

COME, boys and girls, and have some fun,
Now that our daily work is done.
Of books to-day we've had enough :
Now for a game of blindman's buff!
So tie a kerchief round George's eyes,
While each to some quiet corner hies,
Or dodges about, as quick as thought,
That he may not be by the blindman caught.

Hurrah, hurrah ! for the merry play.

"Turn round thrice, and catch whom you may."

Take heed of the fire! Don't strike the chair!
 Of the vase on the table pray beware!
 See! Frank with a cane tickles blindman's nose,
 And Ted in his ear a trumpet blows;
 Little Nell has shrunk behind in fear,
 And timid Charles loiters far in the rear;
 While Eveline joyously jumps about,
 And Will on the chair does nothing but shout.
 Hurrah, hurrah! for the merry play.
 "Turn round thrice, and catch whom you may."

J. B.



A TRICK OF MY BLACK PINK.

MY Black Pink ran all over the garden; for he was a dog. Now, the garden where he ran was on a small island in the sea; and I will tell you what Pink did one morning.

I was sitting in the sun on the sand; and the sea was all blue and gold; and the baby waves were dancing up and down, as nothing but baby waves can dance. Up above my head, right in the grass, a tiny kitten was hiding; and down on the sand, by my feet, lay Pink. Oh, how black he was! — not a bit of white about him anywhere. He kept his eyes on the grass where kittie was, a few minutes; then up he jumped, and ran right up the bank, and sprang into the grass. All in a minute the dog ran past me again, and in his big mouth *was the little kitten*.

"Pink, Pink! — you naughty dog!" I cried, "come here, this minute." But Pink did not mind me one bit. He just stopped half a second, or about that time, turned his eyes back at me, as if he would like to make them say, "I am only doing my duty, ma'am;" then he gave one solemn wag

of his tail, and plunged off into the sea with kittie in his mouth.

I ran down close to the water, and called and begged and scolded ; and my Black Pink paid no more attention to me than he did to the rocks on the shore.

Around and around the dog went. Once or twice he dropped the kitten a little way out from his mouth, just to see if it could swim. Then back he came to the shore, laid kittie, all wet and cold, on the sand, shook himself, gave



kittie two or three hints with his paw to get up and shake herself ; but kittie did not mind : so Pink rolled her over and over in the sand, until there was such a big bundle of sand that nobody would think there was a kitten inside it.

Then he took up the bundle, and carried it up the bank and laid it in the sun, and stood a long time looking at it.

I picked up the kitten, and was carrying it to the house to rub off the sand and dry the poor thing ; and, as I was on the walk, I met John the gardener, and told him what Pink had done.

"Oh! it won't kill the cat," he said. "*Pink gives it a bath every day ; and kittie likes it when she gets dry.*"

I am afraid some one will think this a made-up story, if I do not tell you that it is true ; that I saw it ; and that it happened on a little island in Long-Island Sound, where I have spent many summers, and about which I could tell you stories enough to fill "The Nursery" a whole year.

S. I. P.



CHICK-A-DEE.

LITTLE MARY'S SONG.

CHICK-A-DEE! chick-a-dee! chick-a-dee-dee!
The bravest of all little birdies is he.
He comes in the winter ; and, cold though it be,
He cheerily warbles his chick-a-dee-dee.

"O Mary! O Mary! sweet Mary!" says he,
"I'm a bright little bird, with a heart full of glee :
Come here and live with me on my willow-tree,
And I'll sing to you, darling! I'll sing chick-a-dee!"

"O birdie! dear birdie! O good chick-a-dee!
I cannot live with you in your willow-tree :
My own mamma loves me as well as can be ;
And what would my dear papa do without me ?

"Pretty chick-a-dee-dee, so merry and free,
Come sit, little birdie, on my cherry-tree :
I'll throw you some crumbs from the window, you see,
While you merrily warble your chick-a-dee-dee!"



WINTER SPORTS.

CHARLES has a new sled. The name of the sled is "Snow-Bird." It is a nice large sled, and will go very fast. Charles and John both coast on it at the same time.

Look at them as they go down the hill. "Clear the track!" says Charles. "The Snow-Bird is coming!" says John.

Down they go, faster and faster. They will soon be at the foot of the hill. Then they will have to drag their sled up again, and that will help to keep them warm.

On the other side of the hill, there is a pond. When the ice is firm and safe, the boys go there to skate.

Sometimes Jane goes with them. She has a nice pair of skates, and Charles will teach her how to use them.



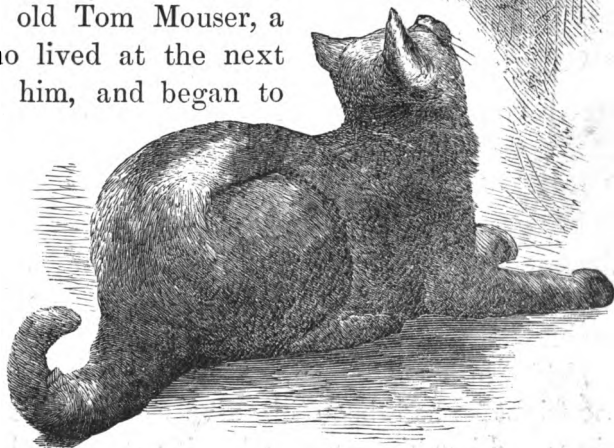
WHAT TOM MOUSER DID.

ALICE had a present of a pretty English goldfinch, which she called Dick. She put him in a fine cage, and fed him every day. She never tired of seeing him wash himself; and he would sing so sweetly, that she thought there never was such a bird as hers before.

Dick sang so loud and well, that, after a time, old Tom Mouser, a black cat who lived at the next house, heard him, and began to think that a bit of a goldfinch for dinner would be very nice indeed.

So Tom crept into the garden where he could see the cage; and then he got up and lay on the window-sill, blinking his large green eyes, and basking in the sun.

Alice saw him lying there, and called him "pretty puss," and "fine old fellow;" but I do not think she would have done so had she had the least idea he was looking after her dear Dick: do you? She would have driven him away, and called him a bad cat.



For days, Tom Mouser would come and lie on the window-sill, and pretend to be asleep in the sun ; when, one morning, Mrs. Day and Alice having left the room, Tom got in at the open window, and made a great spring at Dicky's cage.

Down came the cage, and off came the bottom of the cage, and out fell the china saucer, making a great noise as it broke to pieces, and out flew poor Dick ; whilst naughty Tom Mouser clung with fright to the wires of the cage as it lay on the floor.

Mrs. Day and Alice heard the noise, and ran into the room just in time to see Master Tom jump out of the window. They thought he must have taken poor Dick with him ; for they could see nothing of the dear little fellow.

They lifted up the bottom of the cage ; but he was not under it : and they peeped everywhere they could think of ; but no Dicky could they find. Alice picked up a few of his pretty yellow feathers off the carpet, and began to cry at having lost her dear Dick ; for she loved him very much.

But just then she looked up at the book-case ; and there, to her great joy, she spied Dick crouched up in a corner on the top of one of papa's big books.

You may guess how glad she was to see her dear Dick again, and how she petted him and talked to him when she held him in her hand, and felt how his little heart beat from the fright he had been in. She soon soothed him by her kisses and her kind words ; but it was a whole week before he was well enough to sing again.

Alice's brothers, Henry and Alfred, have a box of stones put by where they can reach them with ease ; and they say, if old Tom Mouser shows his ugly face in their yard again, making believe he is asleep while he is only watching Dick, they will send stones at Tom's head that will teach him to keep away.

ALFRED SELWYN.



THE DOG IN THE MANGER.

THERE was once a nice old red cow who gave the children a whole pailful of milk every night and morning, and never hooked anybody ; but just went moo, moo, moo, and chew, chew, chew, all day long. Her name was Clover.

In the next barn lived an ugly dog, who barked and growled all day, and did no good to anybody. His name was Snap.

Old Clover woke up one morning very hungry ; and she cried “ Moo-oo-oo, moo-oo-oo ! ” until Roger came and gave her some nice sweet hay for her breakfast. Then he went back to the house. But, just as Clover was putting her nose into the hay, in rushed the dog Snap, jumped into the manger, and with a “ Roo-roo-oo, brow-row-row-row ! ” barked at and bothered poor hungry Clover until she was almost crazy.

Now, did you ever know any creature so ugly as Snap ? He could not eat the hay himself, and he would not let any other creature eat it.

MARY MORRISON.



DICK AND HIS PONY.

Is this little Dick who is coming this way ?
Oh, yes! he is out in his wagon to-day.
That tough little pony, so nimble and fleet,
Now trotting so proudly along through the street,
Would say, I am sure (could he tell you his mind),
“ I’m Dick’s little pony: my master’s behind.”

I know Dick would like to invite us to ride ;
But his wagon, you see, is not very wide.
He sits up erect, like a young grenadier,
And holds the reins firmly, without any fear.
His whip’s in his hand ; but it seldom is used,
For Dick will not have his good pony abused.

So down to the village, and round through the lane,
And up hill and down hill, and over the plain,
Dick takes his drive gayly on every fine day ;
And, when he gets home, he gives pony some hay :
Then pony neighs gently, and puts his head down,
As much as to say, “ You’re the best boy in town.”



THE PET LAMB.

I AM going to tell you a true story of a pet lamb. This little lamb had a home on the bank of a river, where there was a plenty of grass to eat, and milk to drink.

The name of the pet lamb was Snowbell. I will tell you why it was called Snowbell.

It was a very neat lamb, and did not get its fleece soiled as some lambs do, but always tried to keep clean and white like snow. A little girl named Mattie used to feed and take care of the lamb. Every year, when May Day came, Mattie made a wreath of flowers, and placed it around the lamb's neck.

Mattie loved the lamb because it was so kind and gentle.

When it was one year old, Mattie's papa took a pair of shears, and cut the fleece which covered the lamb's back.

The fleece of lambs is used to make the warm stockings that you wear in the winter.

Snowbell grew up to be a large sheep, and then it was sold to a farmer living in Massachusetts.

E. D.

CHILDREN AT PLAY.

HERE is a new picture drawn by Oscar Pletsch. Let us look at it. You may know by that odd-looking pump that it is not an American scene. It is a sketch of child-life in Germany, where the artist lives.

It is a summer scene, you see; for the trees are in leaf, and the flowers are in blossom. The place is the back yard of a country-house. There are three wash-tubs on the ground, and on the table is something that looks very much like a piggin. Do you know what a piggin is? If not, ask your mother to tell you.

That is a very tame bird that sits on the edge of the piggin. There is another just like it on the bush near the fence. I wonder what they are. Perhaps they are robins.

As to that queer-looking bird perched upon the wood-pile, I really do not know what to call it. I think it is a magpie. Ask your father if he does not think it is a magpie; and ask him to tell you what a magpie is.

And now let us see what the children are doing.

That cunning little thing down by the wood-pile (we will call her Nelly) is very busy indeed. We must not disturb her. Those weights must be piled up on the cricket in a certain way. She is giving her whole mind to the work, and has almost forgotten that her doll is lying helpless on the ground.

Ann and Kate are having a nice time together seated under the table. Kate holds her doll very carefully in her arms. What can she be telling Ann, with such a roguish face? But we will not ask: perhaps it is a secret.

Henry must have been playing soldier, for he has a soldier-cap in his hand. I think that little Mary was playing with



him, when all at once they spied the old cat sitting on the fence.

Then little Mary jumped up on the tub and said, "Good-morning, Mistress Puss!" and Henry took off his cap and said, "How do you do, Mistress Puss? We are glad to see you."

And Carlo the dog, with his forefeet on the tub, wagged his tail, and gave a short, sharp bark, as much as to say, "Don't stay up there, Mistress Puss. Come down here and play with a fellow."

But puss, with her eyes half open, gave only a faint mew in reply, which meant, "Don't trouble me, little children: I'm not a kitten to be frisking about. I am a serious cat. I have a great deal to think of. I have to be up all night catching rats and mice. Let me sit here in the sun and be quiet."

And Henry said, "O Mistress Puss! So you spend the whole night catching rats and mice! You would not eat any thing else, of course. You never catch birds, do you? You would not put your tongue into the milkpan if you had a chance, would you? You sly old puss!"

And what did puss say in answer to that? I don't know. You will have to ask your grandfather.

UNCLE SAM.





SIX SCENES IN LILY'S DAY.

Illustrated by Frolich.

I. — EATING BREAKFAST.

SEE Lily eating her breakfast. I think it is oatmeal porridge she is eating from that dish. Lily is a good little girl, whose papa is far away : but she has an Uncle James who comes to see her sometimes ; and she has a mamma who loves her dearly.

If Lily's Uncle James should happen to come in while she is eating her porridge, I think he would tell her to hold the spoon in her right hand. It is not a good plan to be left-handed, though it is well to be handy with both hands. Uncle James might tell Lily also to take care and give her porridge time to cool ; for he once knew a little girl named Lily, who burnt her mouth badly by eating hasty-pudding in too much haste.



II. — DUSTING THE PARLOR.

Lily likes to make herself useful. She tries to help her mamma clean the parlor. Lily takes the big feather-duster, and tries to handle it. She thinks she can dust the chairs and the tables.

I think so too. She dusts very nicely. No spiders' webs will be left in the corners after she has been round. If any thing, she dusts a little too hard. She forgets sometimes that furniture is easily bruised, and that glass vases may be knocked over.

Take care, Lily, not to break things. Do not try to reach the lamp-shades. Do not go too near the fire. Never mind about dusting the shovel and tongs. Let the poker take care of itself.

Lily is a very neat little body, and will be a good house-keeper when she grows up.



III. — AT THE PIANO.

Lily thinks she will help her mamma play a tune on the piano. But Lily only pounds the keys, and makes a great noise. "That will do, darling," says her mamma: "this is not a duet that I am practising." Lily is fond of music, and can sing some pretty little songs. By and by she will learn to play.



IV. — UNCLE JAMES'S POCKET.

Uncle James takes Lily on his knee, and she puts her hand in his pocket to see if she can find something good. The first thing she takes out is a cigar. I wish that Uncle James would not smoke cigars. It is a pity that he got into such a bad habit when he was young.

I wonder what else Lily will find in his pocket. She will be sure to pull out every thing that is there. Sometimes she finds nice little pictures, and I have known her to find sugar-plums. Does Uncle James put them there on purpose for her? I think he does; for he is very fond of Lily.



V. — SAYING HER PRAYERS.

Lily has been undressed for her bed, and her sister Ruth has come to hear her say her little prayer. It is a prayer that her mother taught her when she first began to speak. It is the Lord's Prayer. Lily says it without forgetting a word.

Then she says the little prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep." Now she is ready to go to sleep. "But stop," says Lily: "I want to say one more prayer. I want to say a prayer that is all my own.

Then Lily says, "God bless my dear father, and my dear mother, and my dear sister Ruth, and my dear Uncle James!"

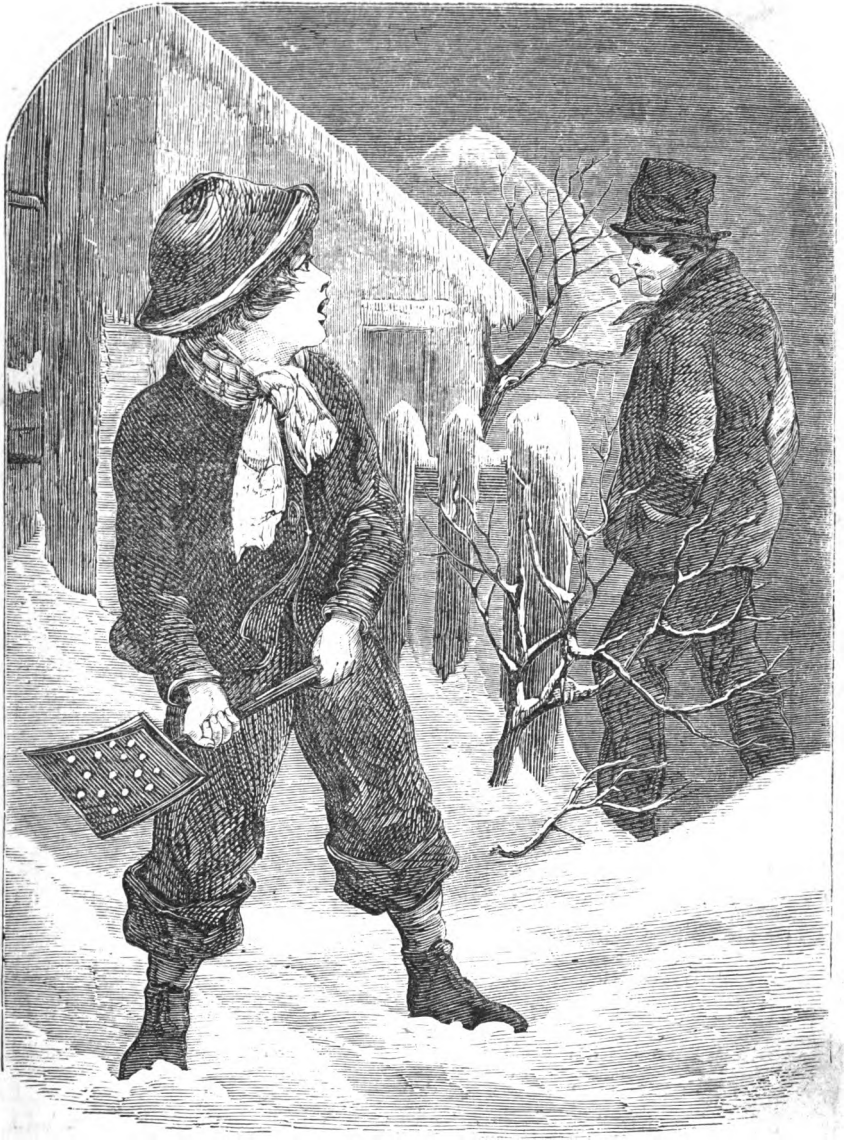
Then Lily kisses her mother and sister, and says, "Now I am ready, sister Ruth."



VI. — ASLEEP.

Then sister Ruth puts Lily to bed, and puts out the light ; for Lily is not afraid to be in the dark. She does not lie awake long after her head is upon the pillow.

See Lily asleep on her little bed. Her mother cannot go to her own bed without first coming to see that all is right with Lily. She lifts the clothes and looks at her. Lily has played and run about a good part of the day, and has now sunk into a sweet rest. The mother gazes fondly upon the little sleeper's placid face. She listens to her quiet, peaceful breathing, and thanks God that he has kept her darling child in health and happiness. She replaces the coverlid carefully over her, and leaves her for the night. Good night, dear Lily ! May all pleasant dreams be yours ! May good angels watch over your sleep !



"THAT'S HOW!"

THAT'S HOW!

It was a bitter cold day. There had been a great snow-storm, and the sky still had a black and angry look.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Wilson, as she looked out of the window. "The door-ways are all blocked up. See how the snow has drifted into the yard! Ann cannot get out to the wood-house for her kindlings. Those poor hens, too, have not been fed since yesterday morning. What shall we do, without anybody to dig a path?"

"I can shovel a path, grandmother," said Johnny, a bright boy about eight years old.

"It is too hard work for you, I fear," said Mrs. Wilson; "and, besides, we have nothing but this coal-sifter to shovel with."

"No matter," said Johnny: "I can try."

So Johnny put on his hat, tied his tippet round his neck, turned up his trousers, and went to work with a will.

He was digging away like a good fellow, when a man with his hands in his pockets and a pipe in his mouth came lounging along. Instead of lending Johnny a helping hand, or saying to him a kind word, as such a great hearty man might have done, he called out in a sneering tone, "Boy, how do you expect to get through that snow-drift?"

"By keeping at it: that's how!" answered Johnny, as he tossed the snow out of his little shovel.

Then, without wasting any more time in words, he turned straight to his work again. It was hard work. He was soon very tired, and his hands were cold. But he kept at it bravely, until he had dug a very good path.

I think he got a piece of pie when he went back into the house; and a kiss from his kind grandmother, as she gave it to him, made it taste all the better.

Now, boys and girls, we shall all have paths to dig, of one kind or another, as we go through life. Many snow-drifts will lie in our way. But, if we all keep at work with a good heart, we shall be sure to come out right at last.

Bear this in mind; and when you find yourselves shrinking from any good and useful task, and asking yourselves, "How shall I ever do this?" or "How am I do that?" be ready with Johnny Wilson's answer: "By keeping at it: that's how!"

UNCLE CHARLES.



HOW ALICK SHOT THE PANTHER.

I AM going to tell you a true story of some children I knew when I lived in Texas. Alick was ten years old, Mary was eight, and little Etta was only four.

They had lost their father and mother, but had a big

brother Frank, and the best sister in the world, Sallie ; and she took just as good care of them as their own dear mother could have done.

They lived far off in Western Texas, on the edge of a wide prairie. Do you know what a prairie is? Just think how it would look if you could see nothing on either side of you but one great field of waving grass and beautiful flowers, reaching away, away, far away to where the blue sky seems to bend down and touch it. That is a prairie.

Well, brother Frank's fields were on the prairie ; but the log-house in which they lived was in the edge of the woods that bordered it.

The trees were not such as you know about. They were live-oaks, which stay green all winter ; pecans, which bear the nicest nuts ; dogwood, with large white flowers ; holly, with glossy leaves and bright-red berries ; and, best of all, the stately magnolia, which is almost too grand to talk about in a small magazine like this.

There was a great magnolia growing by a spring not far from the house ; and this was the place where the children liked best to play.

One bright Saturday afternoon, they had gone to the spring, as usual, to have a nice time, and Sallie was busy making a jacket for Alick, when suddenly the little boy came rushing into the house, and seized his brother's gun which stood in the corner.

"O Alick!" cried Sallie: "how often must you be told not to touch that gun."

"Can't help it this time, sister Sallie: there is a big panther up in our tree, and I'm bound to shoot him."

"But where are Mary and Etta?"

"Oh! they are down there looking him right in the eye, so that he may not go off till I get back."

He was running with all his might as he spoke. Poor Sallie! her heart seemed to stand still; but it was no time to faint. She caught up the horn with which she used to call Frank to dinner, and blew a blast which she knew he would understand to mean *danger*. Then she wrote on the door in large letters, "*To the spring, quick;*" and followed Alick with all the speed that love and fear could lend her.

The boy reached the spot a little before her. When she came in sight, there was the frightful beast stretched out on a bough of the tree, growling low, and looking down with fiery eyes at the little girls who stood hand in hand gazing steadily up at him, and never thinking of the danger.

Bang, went the gun, and the panther fell to the ground.

Presently Frank arrived. Sallie had sunk down at the foot of the tree, clasping the little girls.

Alick stood looking at his prize; and you may be sure he got plenty of praise: only he was told that he should never again leave his sisters alone in the woods to keep guard over a panther.

M. A. DOWNING.

EPPING, N. H.



STATUE OF FRANKLIN IN SCHOOL STREET, BOSTON.



THE REINDEER.

If you will look at the wood-cut at the top of this page, you will see what a reindeer is like, and what sort of a man a Lapp is. The Lapp does not live near us: his home is in a very cold land, a long way off.

In that land, for one-half of the year the sun does not rise; and all that time it is dark and very cold, with deep snow and ice. Then, when at last the sun does rise, he will not set for the rest of the year; and all that time it is day.

When the dark time of the year is come, and there is no sun, if the moon is at the full, it is very nice for the Lapp to ride over the snow; for the reindeer will draw him so fast that no one can keep up with him, and will run on at this rate for a long time.

I cannot tell you all the uses the reindeers are put to by the Lapp. They give milk, and they are good to eat; and they will draw a load a long way, and very fast.

When the reindeer is dead, its skin is worn by the Lapp; and it is also made into a roof for the huts, or into a tent

for him to live in. It is also cut into long thin bits, and made into a kind of rope.

The fat is made into oil, to burn in a lamp, or to eat, or fry fish in; and the hair is now and then made into beds: but the Lapp does not like this kind of bed so well as one made of the skin. The hoof, horn, and bone of the reindeer are all used, also, in many ways that I cannot tell you of now.

At that time of the year when it is one long day, a kind of gad-fly, or gnat, will bite the poor reindeer so much, that the herd has to go up to some hill; for this fly will only live in a low land. When the dark part of the year is come, the reindeers find a kind of moss to eat that grows in the snow.

The Lapp is very fond of his reindeer, and, if he is rich, has more than one herd of them: he is sure to have four or five if he is ever so poor.

A. L. BOND.



TRUE BEAUTY.

"HANDSOME they that handsome do,"
Grandma said to little Sue;
And the dull gray eyes grew bright,
Kindled with an eager light.
From that hour she strove to make
Herself more fair for others' sake.

Though no roses decked her cheek,
She grew gentle, kind, and meek;
And her voice soon found a tone,
Which, till then, it had not known.

And, at length, her playmates all,
Their "best friend" did Susie call.

Then no longer did she sigh
For snowy brow and sparkling eye:
Well content that those she knew
Should find her ever good and true.
And the maxim grandma taught,
Often was in Susie's thought.

KATE CAMERON.



THE WINTER ROSE.

ALL the trees are leafless,
 And the north wind roars.
 I've one little rose-bush
 That I keep in-doors :
 Close beside my window,
 In a box it grows.
 Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you
 Give to me a rose ?

When the spring comes, bringing
 Pinks and violets blue,
 You'll be scarcely needed :
 Now's the time for you.
 Now, when all around us
 Lie the drifted snows,
 Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you
 Give to me a rose ?

I have brought you water,
 Set you in the light,
 Kept a fire to make you
 Warm enough at night :
 You've been kindly tended
 Everybody knows.
 Rose-bush, rose-bush, won't you
 Give to me a rose ?

Ah ! I see a tiny
 Bud upon your bough.
 There's a pretty blossom
 Growing for me now !
 Thank you, little rose-bush,
 Now, before it blows,
 Thank you little rose-bush,
 For the coming rose.

MARIAN DOUGLAS.





TWO POCKETS!

TWO POCKETS.



HERE was a little boy, and his name was Tim; and Tim knew a big boy who had trousers with two pockets in them. Tim hoped that he himself might some day rise to have the same.

But Tim's mother was poor, and could not give him many new clothes. But, on his birthday, he had a great surprise: he had a new pair of trousers; and in them, — oh, what joy! — were two pockets.

It was because he was a good boy, and did not tease her, that his mother, who knew what he wanted, was thus kind.

But what is the use of two pockets if they are not filled? Tim was not long in finding things to fill them. I wonder if we could count up all the things he put in those pockets.

I will try to tell you of some of the things that filled them before the end of the day. In his right pocket, there were two mar'bles, a slate pen'cil, a piece of chewing-gum, an apple, a pop-gun, a slice of raw potato, a piece of orange-peel, a top, and two cop'per cents.

In his left pocket, there were two but'tons he had picked up in the street, a buckle, a tin whistle, some raisins, a smooth white stone he had found on the beach, a shoe-string, a ball for playing, an old knife, and six acorns.

Tim felt rich, when, with all these treasures in his pockets, he met his young friends. But I am glad to say he was not stingy. He did not hoard his wealth.

To one little boy who fell and hurt himself, he gave a marble; to another he gave a raisin; and to another, a piece of apple; while he let still another have the use of his pop-gun.

That is the way when one's pockets are filled, — to do what we can to give joy to others! So, on the whole, I am

glad to know that Tim has two pockets. I hope he will have as many when he grows to be a man; and that he will be as kind in giving to others as he is now.

EMILY CARTER.



PRIDE MUST HAVE A FALL.

WALTER HARDING was a boy who thought he could do every thing better than anybody else. He thought he



could skate better than any other boy; and thought he could ride better.

One day a lad from the country was trying to manage a little brown pony, who seemed somewhat shy and gay.

"Can't you ride better than that?" said Walter with a sneer. "If I couldn't make a horse mind me better than that, I wouldn't ride at all."

"Suppose you try yourself to manage him," said the lad. "I will get off, and let you mount him; for I own it is as much as I can do to keep my seat."

"I will let him see that I can master him," said Walter.

So the lad jumped off from the pony's back, and Walter got on. The pony did not seem to like the change. In vain Walter cried, "Stop, sir! whoa! What do you mean?" The horse danced about and reared; and the proud boy found, that, with all his pride, he could not rule him.

He was very anxious to get off: but at that moment a pig crossed the road just before the pony; and the pony, tossing up his hind legs, threw Walter far over his head into some soft mud that lay near.

All the boys noticed, that, after this, Walter was not so fond of boasting as he had been.

ALFRED SELWYN.



SEE THE BOYS SKATING ON THE POND.



MOFFINO.

In the city of Milan, there lived a spaniel whose name was Moffino. His master was a soldier who went with the French army, in the year 1812, into Russia.

The army had to leave Russia in a great hurry, and in the depth of winter. The poor soldiers came to a river called the Beresina;* and this they had to cross as they best could. Many soldiers were drowned; and others got on to floating blocks of ice, and were saved.

Moffino and his master were separated at this place. The poor soldier was very sad at losing his good dog, who had been with him through all his trials and dangers.

But the soldier went home; and there, in the midst of his family, he at last forgot about poor Moffino. "My dog," said he, "must have been lost in trying to swim across the river; or he must have been frozen to death, for the weather was very cold. I shall never see him again."

* Pronounced *Bêr-e-zee'na*.

But, one day, the folks saw a poor thin dog come into the yard. So thin and wretched he was, that he seemed the mere shadow of a dog. They tried to drive him off, though the poor beast made mourn'ful cries, and did not want to go.

At last the soldier came in from a walk; and then the poor dog, with a joyful bound, ran towards him, and licked his feet, and made a low whining noise, as if he meant to say, "Don't you know poor old Moffino?"

But the soldier did not know him, and was about to kill the poor beast with a spade, when a mark on the dog's ear caught his eye; and the soldier saw at once that the dog was no other than Moffino.

Oh! was not the man glad! And was not the dog glad to find that his master knew him at last! For when the soldier called his name, "Moffino!" the poor beast seemed almost wild with joy, and jumped up and tried to lick his master's face.

Moffino barked gladly, but was so weak with hunger that he fell down. His master took him into the house, gave him some nice milk, and put him on some clean straw in the shed; and then all the folks petted him, and called him a good, brave dog.

And they took such care of him, that, in two weeks' time, he was quite cured; and then what dog was there in all the town so gay and bright as poor Moffino? He had made the journey over half of Europe in search of his master. Well he might be glad to find him at last! . UNCLE CHARLES.





THE WOUNDED KID.

A PRETTY little kid was playing one day by the side of the road, when a boy threw a stone at him, which hit him in the leg, and made a bad wound.

Some boys are very thoughtless. But I do not see how any boy could be so bad as to hurt a poor little kid.

I think that this boy, if he had any heart, must have been sorry for what he had done. But he ran away without seeming to think much about it.

As the little kid was limping along, he passed the door of a blacksmith's shop. The blacksmith was a kind man, who could not bear to see any creature suffer.

So he took the little kid into his shop, and laid him on a soft mat. Then the good blacksmith dressed the kid's wound, and bound it up tenderly.

And the little kid lay still and patient all the time, as though he knew that he was in the hands of a friend. And he looked up into the blacksmith's face, as much as to say, "If I could speak, I would thank you for being so good to me."

CLEVER JACK.

I.

JACKY by the river-side,
Jacky by the river :
He let his clothes go all in holes,
And so he had to shiver.

II.

Jacky by the river-side
Often used to linger :
He caught a fish, but let it go
Because it bit his finger.



III.

Jack by the river-side
Got into a boat,
And threw a millstone in the tide,
To see if it would float.

IV.

Jack by the river-side
Found a maiden fair :
He was stupid, she was stupid ;
So they were a pair.



V.

Jack by the river-side, —
 "Maiden fair," said he,
 "You're a noodle, I'm a noodle :
 Will you marry me ?"

VI.

"Jack by the river-side," —
 Thus the maiden said, —
 "You've no money, I've no money :
 How shall we be fed ?"

VII.

Says Jack by the river-side,
 "That needn't cause us sorrow :
 Suppose we go without to-day,
 And hope for bread to-morrow."

VIII.

Says Jack by the river-side,
 "See, this will help us through :
 We'll go and visit all our friends,
 As many others do."

IX.

So Jack by the river-side
 Went bowing round about ;
 And one friend would not let him in,
 And the other turned him out.

X.

Jack by the river-side
 Said, "'Twon't do to fail :
 We'll take a basket for a house,
 An egg-chest, or a pail."

XI.

Says Jack by the river-side,
 "A basket sure is best ;
 And we'll sit as snugly there
 As birds within their nest."

XII.

Jack by the river-side
 In his house you may behold ;
 But, in the winter, wife and he,
 Both found it rather cold.

XIII.

Jack by the river-side
 Now thought of singing small ;
 But fortune smiled at last on him,
 And made amends for all.

XIV.

One day, when wife went out to spin,
 And he went out to plough,
 They found an empty washing-tub ;
 And there they're living now.

From the German.



THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

A HUNGRY fox saw some bunches of ripe grapes hanging from a trellised vine. He looked at them with longing eyes. He leaped at them again and again, but they were too high for him to reach. Then he tried to pull the vine down from the trellis. Then he tried to climb up the trellis. But it was of no use. He could not get the grapes by any of his tricks. So, at last, quite tired out, he turned away, saying, "Those grapes are not such grapes as I thought they were. I will not take any of them. They are sour. I do not want sour grapes."

Ah, Master Fox! we know better than that. We know that you would give a piece of your tail to have some of those very grapes. They are sour grapes to you only because you cannot get them.





SNOWBALLING.

SEE Mary and her little brothers looking out of the window to watch the boys as they throw snowballs at each other.

These boys have made a figure of a man out of the snow, and they have put a hat on his head; but that man will melt away when the sun comes out.

Boys must take great care, when they snowball, that they do not throw lumps of ice. I have known boys to make their snowballs over night, and then to freeze them hard for use. But this is a bad practice. I hope it will be left off.

LITTLE LILY.

WHEN Lily stands quite upright, she is tall! — Oh, so tall!



Lily is not only tall, but large round the waist too : just look at her!



Lily is looking at the new boots on her feet. She thinks they are very fine, and I think so too.



Lily would like to have her breakfast; but her bread-and-milk is too hot yet. Lily sits and watches it. She does not



like to wait; but her arm is not quite long enough to reach the plate.



Lily's mamma has gone to market, and has forgotten her keys. Lily would much like to know how to open the door of the closet where the preserves are kept. I hope Lily will not touch the preserves without her mother's consent.

I think they are in no danger. Lily has tried key after key, upside down, right side up, sideways, and all sorts of ways, and has not yet got one into the keyhole; and, even if she should get one in, she could not turn it. But, ah! little Lily: you must not even wish to do wrong. Do not make your mamma feel that she cannot trust her little girl out of her sight.

LITTLE SUNBEAM.

ONCE there was a little girl named Mary, who was her mother's only child. Her father died soon after her birth. Her mother and grandmother lived together in a cottage in an English country town.

They lived in a very humble way. They wore coarse, homespun clothes. Their room had but one small window, and was plainly and scantily furnished.

But they were contented and happy; for they had one treasure, which they prized more than any thing that wealth could have given them; and that was this lovely little child.

When Mary first began to stand alone, her mother used to hold her up by a scarf tied round her waist, and let her try to walk.

One summer afternoon, as the little girl was tottling about in this way, she put out her hands, and tried to catch a sunbeam on the wall. When her own shadow darkened the sunbeam, she did not know what to make of it. She tried to catch it again and again.

Then her grandmother, who sat at her knitting-work watching her, said, "You can't catch it, you darling; but you are a sunbeam yourself."

And always after that the little girl went by the name of "Little Sunbeam."

And she was a sunbeam; for she was such a dear, good child that she was the joy and light of the house. No matter how cold or dark it might be out-of-doors, her bright face made her mother happy, and warmed and gladdened her old grandmother's heart.

They wished sometimes that she might always be a child, for fear that she might change from what she was. Some



children, who are very sunny when they are young, get to be cold and cloudy as they grow up. But it was not so with this "Little Sunbeam." When she grew up, she was no longer called "Little Sunbeam;" but she was a sunbeam still.

And as old people had loved her when she was young, so little children loved her as she grew old. Young and old loved to be with her.

Do you know why it was? It was because her heart was always young, and because she was always loving and gentle and good.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.



JINGLE, JINGLE!

JINGLE, jingle! up and down,
Sleighs are flying through the town:
Jingle, jingle! don't you hear
Merry sleigh-bells far and near?

Get a sleigh that's large and wide;
Let the children have a ride,—
Henry, Ellen, Tom, and Ann,
George and Jane, and little Fan.

Yes, there's room enough for all:
Bring another blanket-shawl;
Tuck them in. Away we go,
Jingle, jingle! through the snow.

Jingle, jingle! now we meet
Faces gay and horses fleet;
And we laugh and shout and sing,
While the merry sleigh-bells ring.



LOSING THE WAY.

It is very cold on the prairies in winter, for there are no high hills and no large forests to keep off the wind. In some places, where there are no roads and no fences, one may easily get lost when the ground is covered with snow. I have known persons to travel round and round in a very small space, while trying to find their way.

One of them was a doctor who had been out to see a patient. It was dark before he got half-way home. He rode for two whole hours, without knowing where he was.

At last he saw a light near by, which he soon found to come from some one crossing the hall in his own house. He had been two hours riding about in his own meadow.

Another was a teamster who was overtaken by a snow-storm as he was crossing an open prairie. He lost his way: night came on while he was trying to find it. His horse gave out; and the poor man had to sleep in his wagon, and came near freezing to death. In the morning he found that he was within a few rods of his own home.

In the picture you have a sketch of the teamster as he was plodding along through the snow.

UNCLE SAM.

SWEEPING THE FLOOR.

Annie. — It is a big old broom ; isn't it, Lucy ? And pretty heavy too ; but I think I can make it work.

Lucy. — I think you can, Annie. How glad mother will be when she comes home, and finds the room all in nice order !

Annie. — Hold the dust-pan very still, dear ; there, that will do nicely. But I am afraid your hair will be full of dust. Why didn't you pin a handkerchief over your head, as I did ?

Lucy. — Oh ! I don't care for a little dust, Annie. But I don't like mud. I should not like to sweep the street-crossings : should you ?

Annie. — No ; but some little girls have to, though. Don't you remember the story Aunt Nelly told us about the little girl she saw in New York once ?

Lucy. — Why, no : I don't remember it, Annie. Please tell me what it was.

Annie. — Well, Aunt Nelly was just going to cross a street, one cold, rainy day, when a little girl stepped before her with a broom as big as this, and began to sweep away the mud. The poor little girl's toes were all out of her worn, old shoes, and she was so cold she could not help crying. She looked like such a dear, sweet, good little girl, though, that Aunt Nelly had to stop and speak to her. She said her mother was very poor, and she had a little sick baby sister. Then Aunt Nelly took her by the hand, and bought her a pair of good, thick shoes, and a pair of mittens, and a nice warm knit jacket. And the little girl said, "Oh ! thank you, thank you, dear lady ! I shall not be cold any more now." And then she ran home as fast as she could, to tell her mother what a kind lady she had met.

Lucy. — Wasn't that just like Aunt Nelly, Annie?

Annie. — Yes: she is always good and kind. And now we have all our sweeping done. We must make haste, though, and get the chairs and tables dusted, and every thing made tidy before mother comes.



Lucy. — Oh, yes! Come, my poor little dolly, you must not lie there on the chair any longer. I will put you in your little bed, and you shall have your morning nap.

Annie. — Here comes mother, Lucy. Now, aren't you glad we have made the room so neat? Quick! let us hide behind the door, and hear what she will say.



HOW THE BIRD WAS SET FREE.

I HAD a bird, and the bird was in a cage. I loved to hear the bird sing; and I took good care of the bird.

But one day I said to myself, Would my bird like to be out in the air, and to sing his songs as he sits on a tree, or flies up in the sky? I will try. I will let my bird go free, and let him sing his songs in the air, if he likes to do so.

So I set my bird free; and my bird flew off, and sang, as if he were saying, "Oh, the sweet air! How I do love the sweet air! I am a free bird. I may fly all day long if I like."

The next day I was at tea, and I heard, "Chirp, chirp, chirp!" Oh! that is my bird, thought I; and I went to look; and I saw my bird, who sat on a tree near to me.

As soon as he saw me, he hopped down, and sat on my hand; and he sang a sweet, glad song, as much as to say, "I am a free bird! I do love to be a free bird. I am glad you set me free. I fly in the air, and I sing, 'I am free, I am free, I am free!'"

And then my bird flew up in the air, and I did not see

my bird till the next day ; and the next day, and the next, my bird came when I was at my tea ; and my bird sang me the same song ; and then my bird flew up, and I have not seen my bird any more.

But I am glad that my bird loves to be free, and to sing his song of joy up in the air.

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

GRUNT THE PIG.

ONE day, in the sweet month of May, Mary Ford's mother bought a pink-silk bon-net for her lit-tle girl.

The next day, as Mary and her father and mother were riding in the new bug-gy, the pet pig ran out in the road after them. Mary had called the pig "Grunt." She often fed him ; so he would run after her, if he could get out of the yard. Tim the boy had left the gate open : so "Grunt" poked out his funny nose ; then he snuffed up a little, as pigs will ; then he trotted down the street.

Mary saw him, and it made her laugh ; and he was sure he was to have some bits of bread ; so he ran right after the buggy. When Mary leaned over her mother's shoulder to drop a bit of bread, her nice new bonnet fell right down into the road ; and the pig, thinking it was for him to eat, tore it with his sharp teeth ! "Oh, dear !" cried little Mary : "what shall I do ?" But her mother wiped away her tears, and said she should have a new hat.

"Grunt" did not know better ; and so no one should say, "Naughty Grunt." Tim should have shut the gate.

Very soon, when they came to a great store, Mary's father went in and bought a new hat for his little girl, and she did not cry any more ; and they saw Tim coming down the street to drive "Grunt" home to his pen by the barn.

F. P. C.



WHAT MOTHER SINGS.

COULD baby's love be bartered
For gold and jewels rare,
If I had countless treasures,
I'd give them all for her.
If I could have all riches
That ever men could see,
And I had not my baby,
What were it all to me ?

Now, if it so should happen
That I could be a queen,
And wear a crown, and clothe me
In gold and silver sheen, —
Had I a hundred sceptres,
Bright as the noonday sun,
To have my own dear baby
I'd give them every one.

FROM THE GERMAN.



NORA'S BIRTHDAY:

Illustrated by Frolick.

SCENE FIRST. — WILL HE BITE ?

NORA had a good many presents on her fourth birthday. But what pleased her most was the dog that her papa gave her. It was a little white curly-haired dog, with a blue ribbon tied round its neck. It was only a toy dog; but it looked at her so fiercely with its bright black eyes, that, when Nora first saw it, she thought it was alive. "Will he bite?" said she. Oh, no! he will not bite; but Nora can make him bark.



SCENE SECOND. — AFTER THE PARTY.

One of Nora's little friends gave a party in honor of Nora's birthday. Nora had never been to a party before. She had a grand time. She went at three o'clock in the afternoon, and staid till half-past four. When she got home, she told all about it to her mamma and papa, and her Uncle John. She gave a full account of the games and the dances and the dresses and the music; not forgetting the good things that the guests had to eat. It must have been a splendid affair. Nora will not soon forget it.



SCENE THIRD. — TIRED OUT.

By the time Nora had told her story, and answered all the questions that her Uncle John had to ask about it, she began to feel rather tired. She was very willing to go up stairs with her mother, and to have the party dress taken off.

Then she said, "Mamma, please take me up in your arms."

"What!" said her mother, "a little girl who is four years old, and who goes to parties, — does she want to be taken up in her mother's arms?"

"Yes, mamma," said Nora: "I want to be a baby again. I want you to make much of me."

So Nora lay in her mother's arms, as you see her in the picture. But pretty soon her little eyes began to be so sleepy that she was glad to be put to bed.

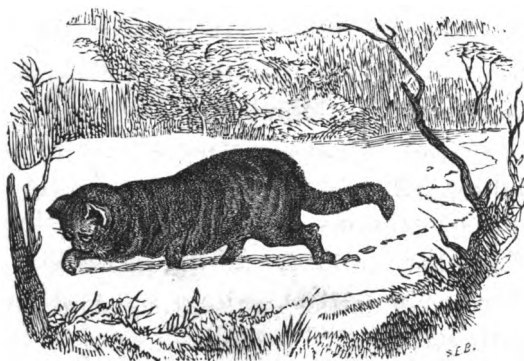
ABOUT OUR PUSSY.

I AM going to tell you now about our Lulu's pussy; and because I know how well all little children like to see pictures of every thing they read about, I shall, first of all, show you pussy's likeness.



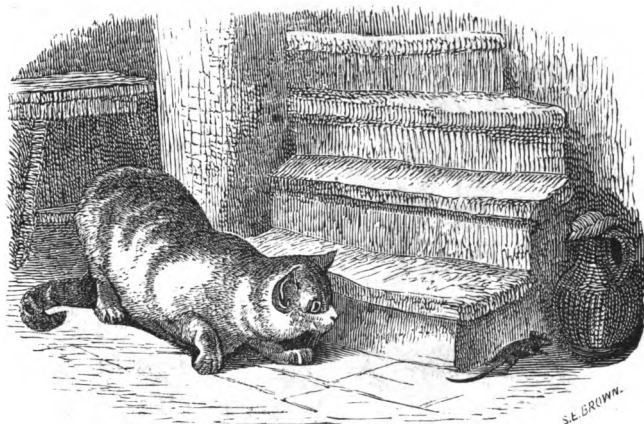
One morning, this winter, after the first snow had fallen, Lulu called pussy to her breakfast; but no pussy came, though her little mistress looked for her under the sofa, and peeped behind the doors, and called "Kitty! come, kitty!" in all the rooms. So Lulu went to the window to watch her brothers play snowball; and

what do you think was the first thing she saw? Miss Pussy, walking through the white snow, making the queerest marks with her little feet.



Soon Lulu went out into the kitchen to see her mamma make cake and pies. "Can't I do something to help?" she said presently. "Well, Lulu," said mamma, "if you will be careful not to spill it, you may bring me the milk from the

cellar." The little girl was glad to be of use, and, when she came back with the milk, had a long story to tell about her pussy; for pussy was in the cellar, trying to catch a mouse.



One day, Lulu's brother Freddy went out to the shed to get some wood. And what do you think he saw climbing over the wood-pile? Why, Puss, with a wee kitten in her mouth; and hidden in a corner were more pretty, wee kittens.

So Lulu is sitting in her little chair beside mamma, thinking what she shall call them; while Puss is fast asleep in the corner, and the kittens are playing merrily around her.

MENNIE.





NELLY ASLEEP.

SLUMBER softly, little Nell :

Loving eyes watch o'er thee.

Loving eyes which guard thee well

Hover round thee like a spell.

Slumber softly, little Nell :

No troubles loom before thee !

Slumber softly, Nelly dear :

Childhood's joys are fleet, love !

A time will come for sigh and tear,

For keen regret and anxious fear :

Oh, slumber softly, Nelly dear,

While sleep can be so sweet, love !



NEVER PLAY WITH FIRE-ARMS.

EDWARD had been told never to play with fire-arms; but one day he found his uncle's gun resting against a tree, and thought it would be fine fun to lift it and play with it.

"Come, Charles," said he; "let us make believe we are soldiers. You take a stick and follow me. Now, march! halt! Present arms!"

By and by, Fanny the maid came to call him to dinner; and Edward foolishly thought it would be fine fun to frighten her.

So he aimed his gun at her; and the more she was frightened, the more he followed her with the gun. He did not believe it was loaded. He snapped the trigger; and then, to his horror, he found he had shot the poor girl.

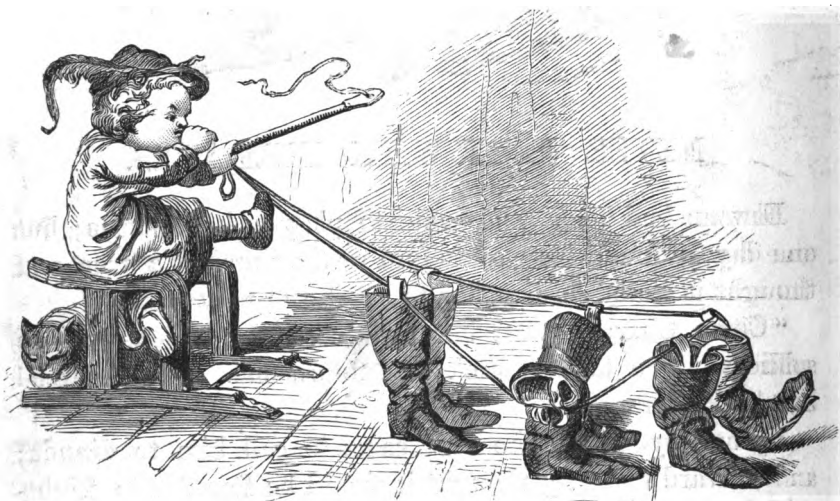
The boy, who, in the face of all warnings, aims a gun in sport at another, is something more than a fool: he is heed-

lessly bad. Many, many lives have been lost by this reckless habit of aiming at people in fun.

Poor Fanny was cruelly injured, but not killed. Edward, when he grew up to be a man, felt bound to supply her with all the money she needed for her support.

He knew, that, through his folly when a boy, she had been so hurt that she could not work for her daily bread: it was but just that he should take care of her to the end of her days.

UNCLE CHARLES.



A HARD TEAM.

MASTER GEORGE takes a drive with six superb black horses. The forward horses get restive. George shouts to them through his hand. It is not an easy thing to drive six-in-hand.



THE DUNCE.

THE DUNCE.



HENRY is not quite a dunce, though his teacher has put the dunce's cap on his head. But Henry thinks of other things when he ought to be thinking of his lessons.

He hears a bird sing, and he thinks what fine fun it would be to hunt for birds'-nests in the fields! And so he does not give his thought to the words of his book.

But Henry is not always a bad boy. I will tell you of a good deed of his.

On a cold day, as he was going home from school, he met a little girl sitting on a stone by the roadside; and this little girl was crying.

Henry went up to her, and said, "What is the matter, little girl?" And all that she could say was, "I'm so cold, — so cold!"

Then Henry looked at her feet, and saw that she had no shoes on; and he looked down at his own feet, and saw his own nice, warm pair of shoes.

So Henry took off his shoes, and put them on the feet of the little girl; and then he took her by the hand, and led her to the home where her mother lived.

An old man who had seen Henry's kind act called at the school the next day, and brought a nice pair of shoes for him.

Henry did not have on the dunce's cap that day. He had been a good boy, and had learned his lesson well. I hope he will not play the dunce any more.

"Work while you work, and play while you play," is a very good rule; and I think that Henry has found this out.

ANNA LIVINGSTON.

WINKIE AND THE PIG.

WINKIE is a black-eyed little fellow, about four years old. I will tell you why he is called Winkie. When he was a baby, he had such a funny way of *winking*, and his bright black eyes flashed so quickly, that we gave him that nickname; and we call him Winkie still, because his motions are all as quick as a wink.

Like many little "four-year-olds," Winkie goes long journeys on his rocking-horse, and builds churches, bridges, and towers with his blocks; but, better than horse or blocks, he likes the kitchen.

Good-natured Maggie allows him to stay there sometimes,



and *help* her about her work. Here is a picture of Winkie helping Maggie wash the floor. He is helping, you see,—and so is the cat.

Winkie is very fond of the black man Jack, who works for his papa. A few years ago, Jack was a poor slave, with nothing he could call his own; but now he has a little house, a little wife, a little baby, plenty of chickens, and a pig.

Jack took Winkie home with him one day. The little boy had a grand time. He was greatly pleased with the shining, black-faced baby, and amused by the chickens; but the pig delighted him most of all. After he came home, he was anxious to save every bit of food for Jack's pig.

He was watching Maggie, one day, as she pared the potatoes for dinner; and she told him he might have the parings for the pig. Quick as a wink, as she turned away a moment, he took the nice white potatoes, and threw them into the pail.

Maggie screamed; but it was too late! Piggy was sure of a good supper. Winkie said "it was too bad to give that nice, dear pig nothing but dirty old skins!"

Maggie marched the young man away to the nursery, to stay with baby and nurse Katy; and told him, that, "if he came into the kitchen again for a *year*, she would put him in the pig's pail."

But Maggie was always better and kinder than she pretended to be; and, the next day, she and Winkie were as good friends as ever.

AUNT MABEL.



"Good Master Pig, now tell us, I pray,
Why do you lie in the dirt all day?"
"Truly, I have not stopped to think
Why I like to recline on the gutter's brink;
But the reason is, — so far as I can tell, —
That a dirty place always suits me well."



PAPA'S FROLIC.

FATHER is a soldier,
In a coat of red :
He takes me, and throws me
Right above his head.

Down upon the green grass,
Up above his cap ;
Now he throws me, like a ball,
Into mother's lap.

Do it again, papa !
High as you can :
I'd be a soldier
If I were a man.

E. C.



PLAYING HORSES.

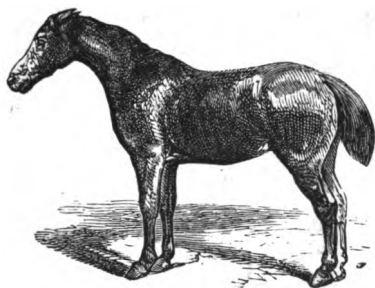
'Tis a rainy day, a rainy day,
And in the house we all must stay.
Now, what shall we play? what shall we play?

Let us play horse: yes, that's the thing.
Freddy shall harness us all with a string,
And we'll gallop and run, while the bells ring.

Yes: that will be fun, that will be fun;
So come here to Freddy, every one.
He is our driver: now gallop and run.

EMILY CARTER.

THOUGHTFUL CHARLIE.



WOULD you like to hear a little story about a horse whose name was Charlie ?

It happened, one day, that he was driven to the railroad station in a drizzling rain, and, on his way back, was stopped for a moment

at the village store, not far from our house.

Now, Charlie did not like the rain coming down, drop, drop, drop, on his back and head ; so he kept lifting his feet uneasily, and, pretty soon, made up his mind to go home. Off he started, up the hill, into his own yard, and straight to the stable-door.

Finding it fastened, he put his nose to the button, turned it, and pushed back the door. Then he tried to go in ; but this, with the carriage behind him, of course, could not be done : so he stepped carefully back again, shut the door in the same way he had opened it, and, with that useful nose of his, once more turned the button.

Then he gave himself a little shake, and looked round, as much as to say, "Oh, dear ! you see I've done the best I can. Won't some one come and help me ?"

Sometimes, when he had finished eating, and was tired of standing still, he would untie the knots in his halter, and walk about the barn just as he pleased.

Then, if any thing was hanging against the wall, he would be sure to knock it down ; or a pail of water would be upset, or a measure of corn strewed about the floor.

Once he had pushed back a sliding window, and stood looking over to see what the pigs were doing.

AUNT HELLON.

AN ENGLISH ALPHABET.

A is for ale, apple, arbor, and Ann ;
B is for brown bear, black bear, and bran ;
C is for chestnut, clay, crib, cab, and coal ;
D is for diligence, Dick, duck, and droll ;
E is for elegant, Eve, eagle, ear ;
F is for feather, fan, furrow, fox, fear ;
G is for gander, goose, green, grape, and gray ;
H is for herry, horse, hound, hops, and hay ;
I is for idler, ice, ink, if, and ill ;
J is for Jerry, James, Jane, Jack, and Jill ;
K is for kitten, kiss, king, kitchen, kite ;
L is for lady, lamb, lace, luck, and light ;
M is for mitten, moon, mist, moth, and mote ;
N is for nutmeg, nurse, nose, nut, and note ;
O is for order, oil, oats, orange, oak ;
P is for pitcher, pin, pan, pig, and poke ;
Q is for quarter, queen, question, and quack ;
R is for radish, race, rill, rod, and rack ;
S is for supper, sweet, sugar, and school ;
T is for Timothy, tar, torch, and tool ;
U is for universe, urchin, and use ;
V is for vinegar, varnish, and views ;
W is for water, whale, winter, and wing ;
X is for Xenophon, and Xerxes the king ;
Y is for yam, yacht, yellow, and yawl ;
Z is for zeal, zebra, zany. That's all.



THE BAD BOY.

IN FIVE SCENES. — ILLUSTRATED BY A. MARIE.

I. — THE PRESENTS.

GRANDFATHER has brought a balloon for little Paul, and a pretty wax doll for Maria. Maria is delighted with her doll; but as to Master Paul, he holds fast to his balloon, but is not more than half pleased because he cannot have the doll too.



II. — MISCHIEF.

It is of no use to give toys to such a bad boy. What do you think Paul did with his pretty balloon? Just as soon as he was alone, he took a carving-knife and cut it open. He had heard somebody say that there was nothing but gas in the balloon, and he wanted to see the gas! Foolish boy!



III. — WORSE AND WORSE.

Having spoiled his own present, this wicked little Paul could not be contented till he had done more mischief. So he takes his sister's doll, and, with that same ugly carving-knife, cuts off her pretty little head. How could he do such a cruel thing !



IV. — THE CONSEQUENCE.

But the wicked are always punished. Master Paul has cut himself, as well as the doll. He drops the knife, and screams. The bad boy is pretty badly scared. His sister Maria hears his cries, and runs to help him.



V. — THE GOOD GIRL.

See that kind little sister Maria binding up Paul's cut finger. She knows that Paul has ruined her doll; but she does not think of that. Paul is sorry enough now. I hope that this lesson will teach him not to meddle with knives again, and not to do wilful injury to any person or thing.



NAUGHTY MADGE.

WHAT can be the matter with this little girl? Is she sick? Has she hurt herself? Oh, no! She is quite well. She has been playing about all day.

If you had seen her a few minutes ago, you would have said, "What a dear, pretty little girl that is!" And now, just look at her! Why, you would hardly take her to be the same child. What can have made such a change?

Nothing in the world, except that little Madge is naughty. She does not want to go to bed, although she knows very well that it is time for her to go. Of course, she will have to give up at last; but see what a fuss she is making about it.

I think, if little Madge could see herself in the picture now, she would feel very much ashamed. She is not a bad child at heart; but she is self-willed. When she sets out to have her own way, it is very hard for her to give up.

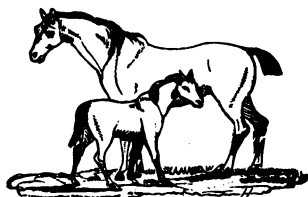
It is a blessed thing for her that she has a good, kind mother, who will not let her have her own way, unless it is the right way.

Many persons, older than little Madge, have this same foolish habit of persisting in their own course, merely because it is their own: they will not give heed to any warning; they will have their own way. I have heard of a man who was warned not to ride along the sands at a certain part of the coast, when the sea was coming in.

But he would have his own way; and one evening, when the wind was blowing heavily, the waters rushed in so that they overtook the man and his horse, before they could get out of reach, and both were drowned.

Never be too proud to listen to good advice. To insist always upon having one's own way is as foolish as it is wrong.

ALFRED SELWYN.



"SHOE THE OLD HORSE, AND SHOE THE OLD MARE."

FEEDING THE BABY.

"Tick, tock, tick, tock," says the old clock in the corner. It has been marking the time, I dare say, for at least a hundred years, and still swings its pendulum as steadily as ever. In a few minutes it will strike, — one, two, three, four, five, six, seven. Seven o'clock is the breakfast-hour.

Breakfast will be ready when the clock strikes. The table is set. There is a nice loaf of bread on the clean white cloth. Mamma is getting a pat of butter from the cupboard. The coffee is hot in the coffee-pot. There is a slice of bacon for papa, and there is a bowl of milk for little Emily.

Now, papa, turn your chair round, and take a seat at the table. Why, what is the man doing? He is so taken up with the baby, that I do believe he has forgotten all about his breakfast.

He and little Emily are feeding the baby. Papa always has the baby on his knee, you know, the first thing in the morning. The baby wakes, and begins to crow as soon as the sun rises. That is the signal for the whole family to get up. It is of no use to try to sleep after that baby is awake.

Well, this morning, as papa and baby were watching the cat at play with a spool, Emily came softly round, and offered the baby a spoonful of milk.

Of course, baby made a grab for the spoon in an instant. But papa caught her hand, and held it; and then the baby thrust out her little head, and sipped the milk, as Emily held it carefully to her lips.

And papa could not keep his eyes off of that baby; and little Emily watched her with her bright black eyes; and mamma stopped to look at her: and so they were all three looking at her, and smiling, just as you and I are doing now.

Is it not a pretty sight?

JANE OLIVER.





SUSIE'S FIRST ERRAND.

SUSIE is a little girl about eight years old, who loves dearly to make herself useful. The other day, her mother wanted some rolls for supper. "Mamma," said Susie, "let me go to the baker's, and get them."

"Why, Susie," said her mother: "do you think you can find the way? I am almost afraid to trust you alone."

"Oh, yes, mamma!" said Susie: "I know I can find it. Please let me go all by myself."

So Susie put on her hat, sack, and muff, got a basket to put the rolls in, and was all ready to go. Her mother went with her to the door.

"Now, Susie," said her mother, "remember, when you get to the head of this street, you turn to the right; then take the first turning to the left, and look along on the right-hand side of the street till you see the baker's shop."

"Yes, mamma," said Susie. "I'll remember."

Susie started off. She walked along smartly with her basket on her arm, found the baker's shop, bought the rolls, and set out for home.

But, in coming out of the shop, Susie did not have all her wits about her; for she turned the wrong way. She went straight on, though, thinking she was right; until, at last, she began to wonder why she did not get home.

"Why!" thought Susie: "I must have turned down the wrong street just now."

So she went back, and turned into another street. Then she went back again, and tried another; and the more she turned, the more she was confused.

But Susie did not feel a bit afraid. She stepped up to the first woman she met, and said,—

"Will you please to show me the way to Bedford Street?"

"Yes," said the woman. "I am going that way. Come right along with me."

Susie walked along by the woman's side. In a moment the woman said,—

"Let me carry your basket for you, little girl. You must be tired."

Now, Susie was not in the least tired, and the basket was not heavy; but the woman seemed so very kind, that Susie could not well help letting her take it.

Pretty soon they came to the corner of the street.

"Just look now," said the woman, "and see if you can tell which way to go."

Susie looked first one way, and then another; but the

place was strange to her. Then she turned to speak to the woman, and the woman was gone.

Poor little Susie! She had never known before that anybody could be bad enough to steal. She burst into tears.

Just then a kind old gentleman came along.

"What is the matter, little girl?" said he. "What is your name? and where do you live?"

Susie told him the whole story in a minute. "My name is Susan Gray, and my father's name is John Gray; and I live at No. 27, Bedford Street; and I came out to buy some rolls, and I lost my way; and a woman stole my basket, and" — and then poor Susie quite broke down, and sobbed as if her heart would break.

"Don't cry, Susie," said the gentleman, taking her in his arms. "I know your father; and I will carry you home."

In a few minutes, Susie was safe at her father's door.

The folks were glad enough to see her, I can tell you; for they had been in a dreadful worry about her. Her father had been out in search of her, and had just got back.

"Susie is too young to be sent on such errands," said he to her mother. But Susie did not like this.

"No, papa," said she. "I shall know better another time."

"Well," said her father, "you are a brave little girl."

UNCLE SAM.



GO TO SLEEP, DOLLY.



JACK AND THE CHILD.

I WILL tell you a story of my pony, Jack. Jack was a nice, kind, black pony; and so tame, that when I went into the field, and said, "Come, Jack, come; come to me," Jack would run from the end of the field

to me, and rub his nose on my arm, and eat a bit of bread out of my hand.

One day, a child went into the field to see Jack ; and this child pulled Jack's tail. She did not think that this would hurt Jack ; but Jack did not like that she should pull his tail.

Then he must have thought to himself, "How shall I make the child know that I do not like she should pull my tail ? If I kick hard, I shall kill the child. I do not want to kill the child. What shall I do ? "

And so Jack lifted up his foot, and pressed it against the child's breast so gently that he did not hurt the child at all ; but the child cried out as if she were hurt, and ran off, and did not pull Jack's tail any more.

TROTTLIE'S AUNT.



LILY'S RIDE.

LILY wants to ride. So papa lets her get on his foot, takes hold of her arms, and gives her the ride she wants.

First she wants to trot, then to canter, and then to gallop.

It is fine fun for Lily. She would like to ride all day. But it soon gets to be very hard work for papa. He tells Lily that she is too heavy for him, and that she must take the old pony if she wants to ride any more.

This pleases Lily very much. She says she is going to ride the pony next summer.



DOLLY'S DOCTOR.

MARY.

COME and see my baby dear :
 Doctor, she is ill, I fear.
 Yesterday, do what I would,
 She would touch no kind of food ;
 And she tosses, moans, and cries.
 Doctor, what do you advise ?

DOCTOR.

Hum ! ha ! good madam, tell me, pray,
 What have you offered her to-day ?
 Ah, yes ! I see : a piece of cake !
 The worst thing you could make her take.
 Just let me taste. Yes, yes : I fear
 Too many plums and currants here.
 But stop : I must just taste again,
 For that will make the matter plain.

MARY.

Excuse the liberty I take ;
 But, doctor, do not eat the cake.
 I thank you kindly for your care ;
 But, surely, that was hardly fair.

DOCTOR.

Ah ! dear me ! Did I eat the cake ?
 Well, it was for dear baby's sake.
 But keep her in her bed well warm,
 And you will see she'll take no harm.
 At night and morning, use once more
 The draught and powder, as before.
 And she must not be over-fed :
 Give her, perhaps, a piece of bread.
 To-morrow, then, I dare to say
 She'll be quite right. Good day ! good day !

H. W. DULCKEN.



THE DONKEY AND THE DOG.

IN A LETTER FROM MARY, AGED TEN, TO ARTHUR, AGED EIGHT.

MY DEAR COUSIN ARTHUR,—In France, where I now am, I often see many queer sights. You do not often see a donkey in New York, do you? Well, here I see ever so many.

Sometimes I see a big man riding on the back of a poor little donkey, who does not weigh so much as the man himself. It is a funny sight; and I should pity the donkey, if the little fellow did not seem quite content under his burden.

On the backs of almost all the donkeys you meet, you

will see two big panniers, or baskets; and into these their drivers put all sorts of things,—meat, fruit, wood, stone, every thing that they want to carry from place to place.

Often you will see an old, old woman driving a donkey to market, with baskets all filled; and, as the old woman walks along the road, she will employ her time by knitting.

The other day I saw an old woman picking up from the street all the waste matter she could use for fertilizing her garden. She would put it in the big baskets borne by her donkey; for she did not like to go home with empty baskets.

I saw, too, a much prettier sight. I saw a donkey beside a gate, and there was a little girl seated in one of the baskets he bore. A can of milk stood on the ground; and a dog sat by, having in his mouth the reins by which the donkey was held. Was it not queer?



HOW PETER LEARNED TO DRESS HIMSELF.

WHEN Peter was seven years old, his mamma said that the nurse must not come in the morning to wash and dress him: it was quite time he should learn to dress himself.

So he got up half an hour earlier. Yes, it took him all that time, even though the clothes were laid very carefully on the chair over night.

How hard it was to find the heel of those long stockings! and then to get the little shirt on so that the slit would come in front! and then, oh, dear, dear! to button it!

It was some time, too, before Peter could part his hair himself. And when he came to his neck-tie, he said he must

be helped. So his mamma tied a piece of string on a chair, and taught him to tie a knot on that. And so, at last, he managed to dress himself. Here is a picture of him making his toilet.

When Peter came down to breakfast, looking fresh and neat, all the family thought he had grown bigger; for he



looked like a little man. His porridge tasted very nice that morning.

And when he went off to school, he stepped proudly, as much as to say, "Don't you all see, boys and girls, I dressed myself to-day? I am not a baby any longer. I am a big boy. And I mean to try and do as well as I can at school. I can read in little words now; and I read the big-print stories in 'The Nursery.' I do, really, and truly." AUNT MARY.



THE OSTRICH.

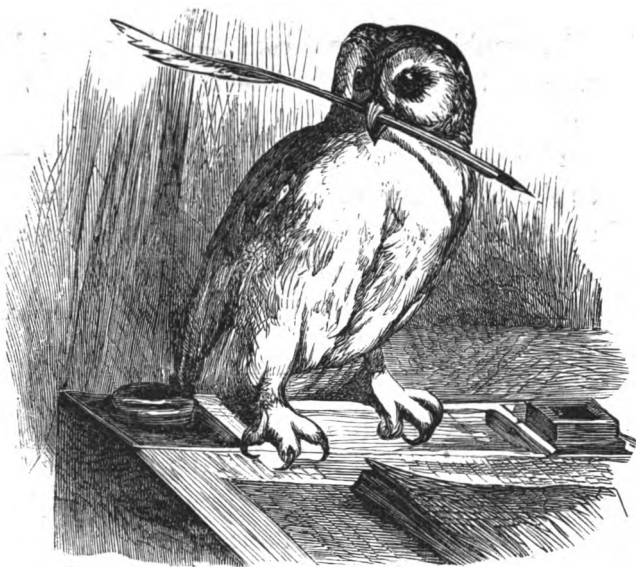
Long legs, you may see, the ostrich has ;
But then his sense is small.
His mate lays eggs in the barren sand,
And the hot sun hatches them all.

The ostrich dwells in the sandy waste,
Where the sun shines scorching down ;
And fine white flaunting feathers hath he,
That might deck a monarch's crown.

They say he'll swallow iron and stone,
His stomach is so strong ;
And that pebbles to him are like sugar-plums
You could eat the whole day long.

And yet I pity the ostrich too ;
And I'll tell you the reason why :
His feathers are large, but his wings are small,
And the poor big bird can't fly.

FROM THE GERMAN.



HOW THE OWL CAME TO SEE HIS FRIENDS.

ONCE I had an owl, a white owl; and the owl was so tame, he loved to be with me. His home was in a tree not far from my house; and each day he came to see me.

An owl does not love the sun, for he can see best in the dark; but my owl was so fond of me, that he came to see me in the day. It was such fun to see him come up the walk to my house, — hop, hop, hop, hop.

He did not look to the right or to the left, but he hopped right on till he came to me: and I gave him bits of meat; and he liked the bits of meat, and made a good meal.

And then he would come and sit on my desk; and he would take up a pen, and peep in at the ink, as if he, too, would like to write a note; and then he would sit on the desk and wink at me, — wink, wink, wink, so fast.

It was fine fun to see the owl sit and wink. He looked so wise, — more wise than he was. And when he had sat a

long time, he would hop down from the desk, and hop out on the lawn; and then he would turn to wink at me once more, as much as to say, "Good-by for this once."

And then he would hop, hop, hop, all down the walk, till he came to the tree; and then he would fly up in the tree, and sit in the tree, where he could not see the sun, and shut his eyes, and go to sleep. I loved my white owl, and my white owl seemed to love me.

TROTTIE'S AUNT.

WHY ELLIE WAS NOT INVITED.

"AUNT JANE, will four be too many at our party?"

"No, I think not," said Aunt Jane.

The little girls looked very happy. The sun was shining brightly into the parlor-windows, after a stormy morning. It was Saturday afternoon; and little girls who go to school know how nice it is to have it sunshiny and warm on that afternoon in the winter, to give them a chance to visit and play.

"We don't want Ellie: we are not going to invite her." And the little ones danced about, as merry as the gold-fish in the window.

"Why don't you want Ellie?" said Aunt Jane, laughing.

"Oh! we don't want her: she always wants to 'boss.'" And away the little girls ran to invite their friends.

While they were planning for the party, I asked them what they were going to have for amusement.

"Oh! a concert and tableaux; and we are going to have the tickets one cent,—just one cent."

I did not attend the party; but I suppose they invited the four girls they were talking about. But the little girl who wanted her way about every thing did not get an invitation.

I was sorry for her ; for I know they must have had a good time.

Did you ever hear a little girl say, when you wanted to play “keep house,” “I’m going to be the lady of the house : I’m going to be the mamma ; and you must all mind me, or I sha’n’t play” ?

Or did you ever see that little boy who said, “You must be my horse, and let me drive, or I sha’n’t stay : I shall go right home ;” and who made all the other little boys give up to him, no matter how much they wanted to drive ? Do you think that all the pretty looks and fine clothes such little boys and girls can put on will ever make people love them ?

JANE ELIZA FOOTE.



THE RAIN, WIND, AND SNOW.

RAIN, rain ! April rain !
Bring the flowers back again, —
Yellow cowslip, violet blue,
Buttercups and daisies too.
Rain, rain ! April rain !
Bring the flowers back again.

Wind, wind ! Autumn wind !
He the leafless trees has thinned.
Loudly doth he roar and shout :
Bar the door, and keep him out.
Wind, wind ! Autumn wind !
He the leafless trees hath thinned.

Snow, snow ! pure white snow !
O’er the fields thy covering strow ;

Cover up the seed so warm,
Through the winter safe from harm.
Snow, snow ! pure white snow !
O'er the fields thy covering strow.



Rain, wind, snow, — all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be :
Each and all in turn are sent
On the earth with good intent.
Rain, wind, snow, — all three,
Each in turn shall welcome be.

FROM THE GERMAN.

THE LITTLE TEACHER.



THE LITTLE TEACHER.



THAT little boy with the bright face is Albert. He has been try'ing to keep his little sis'ter still: he is show'ing pict'ures to her in a book.

I will tell you why he wants to keep his sister still: his moth'er is ill, and has been trying to sleep; and his sister, who is quite young, may make a noise if he does not take care of her.

Once, when there was snow on the ground, Albert put his little sister on his sled, and gave her a good ride. He took her to a wood, where they saw some pine-trees.

And, while they sat under the pine-trees, what do you think they saw? I will tell you. Little sister saw it first; and she cried out, "Oh, look!"

Albert looked, and saw a little squirrel, who was so hungry, that his hunger made him tame. He did not run from this little boy and girl; but he ran near to them, as if he would like to have them feed him if they would be good enough to do so.

"Why, you dear little squirrel!" said Albert: "you want something to eat, don't you? I won'der if I can find something for you in my pock'et." Then Albert felt in his right-hand pocket; and out of it he drew a knife, two mar'bles, a piece of chalk, a piece of lic'o-rice, a small ball of twine, three cop'per cents, a top, and a but'ton.

Then he felt in his left-hand pock'et; and the first thing he drew forth was a big wal'nut full of nice meat. He laughed when he found it; but I think the little squir'el was even more glad than Albert was to see it.

Albert gave it to the squirrel; and little sister clapped her hands when she saw the squirrel take the nut in his fore-paws, and take out the meat with his teeth, and eat it.

The squirrel would have liked another nut ; but Albert had no more to give him. "That is all I have, Bunny," said Albert ; "but, if you will come to my house, I will feed you with nuts all winter."

Bunny did not quite understand what Albert said ; but he seemed so well pleased with his dinner, that he followed the children on their way home ; and perhaps some day Albert will see him again.

EMILY CARTER.



TRUE STORY OF A PARROT.

AUNT MARY had a wonderful parrot, which Uncle Joseph brought from Africa over twenty-five years ago.

In spite of her age, Poll seemed to know as much as some people ; and would not only imitate every sound she heard, but would say very wise things. We had to be careful what we said about our neighbors ; for Poll would be pretty sure to repeat it to them.

One day, Arthur and his mother came to make us a visit. Arthur had been told that he was to see a bird that could talk ; but, when he got into the parlor, there were so many curious things to look at, — things which Uncle Joseph had picked up in all parts of the world, — that he quite forgot the bird he had been so anxious to see.

He was soon busy playing menagerie with some shells. The brown mottled ones he called tigers ; a large one, with sharp points like teeth, was a lion ; and a big nautilus-shell stood for an elephant.

It was such fun playing with them, that when his mother said, "Arthur, run down stairs, and bring me my reticule," Arthur did not want to leave.

"Did you hear me?" said his mother presently; and still Arthur did not go.

"Are you not going to mind me?" his mother said sadly; and, just then, a shrill voice called out from the next room, "Arthur, mind your mother!"



Oh! how frightened he was! It was such a strange voice! could it be the talking-bird? Yes, it was the talking-bird: and Arthur ran for the bag as fast as his legs would carry him; for he thought that when a bird could speak, and tell him to mind his mother, it was quite time to obey. I think so too; and I hope that Arthur has learned to mind his mother without waiting for a bird to speak to him. L. H.



HARRY'S COMPLAINT.

IN FIVE SCENES. — ILLUSTRATED BY FROLICH.

I.

HARRY has come into his father's study to make a complaint. He has a very long face, and is almost ready to cry when he finds that his father does not notice him.



II.

At last his father looks round. Harry thinks that the time has now come to speak out. So he shouts, at the top of his voice, "Papa!" — "What is the matter?" says his father. "Pussy has been naughty," cries Harry.



III.

Seeing that it is a serious matter, Harry's papa lays down his papers, and attends. "What has pussy done?" he asks. "She scolded, she scratched, she went just like this!" says Harry.



IV.

"Tell me all about it," says papa. "What did Harry do to pussy to make her angry?" — "Nothing, nothing," says Harry. "Pussy wanted to go one way; Harry wanted her to go the other: so Harry just took hold of her tail, and" — "Oh! I see," says papa: "Harry pulled pussy's tail. I do not wonder that she was angry. Cats do not like to have their tails pulled." — "But she scratched my finger," says Harry.



v.

"Here is something that will make it all right," says papa. He goes to his table-drawer, gets out a stick of candy, and cuts off a piece. Harry's face brightens. He begins to smile. He forgets all about his quarrel with the cat.



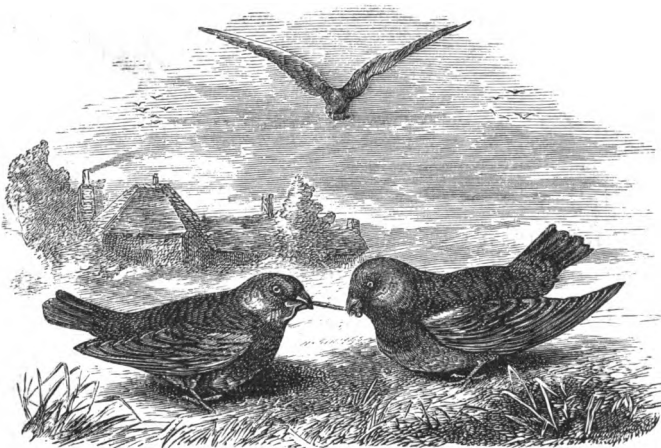
WAITING FOR THE MAY.

FROM out his hive there came a bee :
“Has spring-time come, or not ?” said he.
Alone within a garden-bed
A small, pale snowdrop raised its head.
“’Tis March, this tells me,” said the bee :
“The hive is still the place for me.
The day is chill, although ’tis sunny,
And icy cold this snowdrop’s honey.”

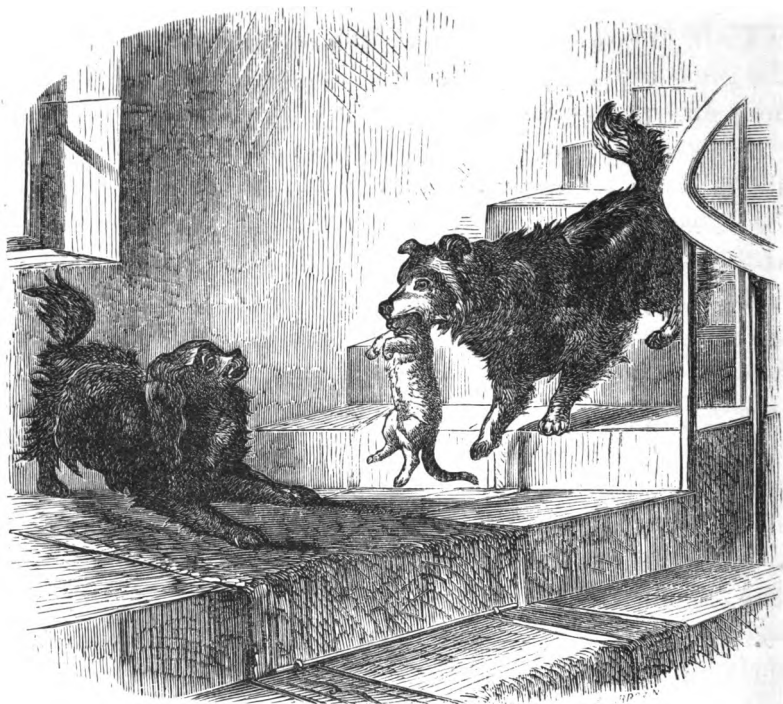
Again came humming forth the bee :
“What month is with us now ?” said he.
Gay crocus-blossoms, blue and white
And yellow, opened to the light.
“It must be April,” said the bee.
“And April’s scarce the month for me.
I’ll taste these flowers (the day is sunny),
But wait before I gather honey.”

Once more came out the waiting bee.
" 'Tis come : I smell the spring ! " said he.
The violets were all in bloom ;
The lilac tossed a purple plume ;
The daff' dill wore a yellow crown ;
The cherry-tree a snow-white gown ;
And by the brook-side, wet with dew,
The early wild wake-robins grew.
" It is the May-time ! " said the bee,
" The queen of all the months for me !
The flowers are here, the sky is sunny :
' Tis now my time to gather honey ! "

MARIAN DOUGLAS.



Two little birds fought about a worm they had found.
They did not see that a great hawk was coming down
to put an end to their fighting and to them at the same
time.



A FRIEND TO CATS.

I WILL tell you a true story of a dog named Fifer. He was very fond of a cat which he had known ever since she was a kitten. He used to carry her about, too, in quite an odd way: he would take her whole head into his mouth.

There was another dog in the house; and his name was Sib. He did not like cats: he would fly at Fifer's friend if she tried to go up stairs. Fifer would hear him bark, and, rushing to protect puss, would take her up by the head in his mouth, and carry her off to the kitchen.

Was it not odd that the cat would let him do it? But she did; and once he was the means of getting her back when she had been lost.

I will tell you how it was. Puss was missing one day, to the great grief of the children, who did all they could to find her; for she was not only a good mouser, but a great pet.

Days passed, and nothing was heard of the cat. But, about a week after puss had been lost, a boy who worked for us saw her in a house near by, basking in the sunshine at a lower window.

The boy went in, and claimed the cat as belonging to his mistress; but the folks refused to give her up. "The cat is ours," said they; "and is such a good one, we do not want to part with her. You can't prove she belongs to your mistress." The boy knew he was right, and said, "I know of a way of proving to you whose cat she is." He ran home and fetched Fifer.

. The instant Fifer saw his cat-friend, he was wild with joy. The cat was equally glad, and rushed to Fifer; and the two rolled over and over as if they did not know how to show their gladness. Then Fifer took the cat in his mouth to carry her home.

The folks of the house were much surprised at the sight. They could not resist such a proof as this; and they gave the cat up.

AUTHOR OF "PAPA'S WISE DOGS."



A MAY MORNING.

ONE bright May morning, I went out to take a walk, and to find some flowers. Over across the meadows, I saw a little cottage, and a green lane that went past it. Down in the green lane, I met a little girl with her hands full of blue violets.



"Where did you find your pretty violets?" said I. So she showed me a place, down by a little brook, where the violets were growing: oh, so many!

Some ducks were swimming on the brook. They did not seem to be afraid of the little girl, but came close up to her, and said, "Quack! quack! quack!" as though they meant to bid her good morning.

Over in a field, there was a man ploughing; and a little girl was walking along behind the plough. She was about as big as the little girl with the blue violets; but it was not the same one.



She went singing along; and her voice was as sweet and clear as a bird's. I guess the old dog loved to hear her sing; for he walked along close behind her all the time. So the man ploughed, and the little girl sang, and the old dog followed on. Wasn't that a nice way to plough the ground?

As I came back from my walk, I saw two boys talking by the gate. One of them was on a beautiful little pony. He had been out to ride, and had stopped on his way to talk. One boy had climbed up on the fence, as you see here, and was patting the pony's neck.



Then I heard him say, "I wish I had a pony too. Mother said I should have one when I was ten; but, when I am ten, then I suppose she will say when I am twenty." — "Oh, no!" said I: "I think she will do just as she said. All good mothers do."

w. o. c.



A CUNNING DOG.

THERE was once a convent in France, where poor folks could go to a certain window, and ring a bell for food. Then a little sliding-door was pushed away, and a plate of food thrust out.

To spare the feelings of those who came as beggars, the person who put out the food did not look to see who they might be. Over the sliding-door were the French words, *Pour les pauvres* ; which mean, "For the poor."

There was a cunning dog who availed himself of this custom to get a good meal for many days. He would go when no one was looking, and ring the bell: the plate of food would then be thrust out, and he would clean it off with three or four licks of his big tongue.

At last he was found out ; but he was thought to be such a clever dog, that he was for a long time allowed to come and ring for his dinner every day.

UNCLE CHARLES.

ELLEN'S FAULT.

ELLEN was once walking in a lady's garden, when she saw a red rose on a bush, and thought to herself, "That is such a fine rose, that I must have it."

She plucked it; but no sooner had she done so than she was sorry for what she had done. "I ought to have asked the lady if I might have the rose," said Ellen to herself.

Then she put the rose down on the ground by the side of the bush; for the lady was calling her.

Ellen went into the house, and there she found a little boy and girl who showed her their playthings, and tried all they could to amuse her.

The lady tried too: she brought Ellen some fruit, and gave her a little book with pictures in it. But Ellen could not eat and could not smile.

"I fear you are not well, my dear," said the lady. "Come and tell me what is the matter. You look pale and sad."

Ellen could not keep her secret to herself any longer. Kneeling on the floor, she put her face in the lady's lap, and began to cry.

"Do not cry, but tell me what it is that ails you, my dear," said the lady; and she spoke these words so kindly, that Ellen could resist no longer.

"I broke a red rose off from one of your bushes," said Ellen, hiding her face; "and instead of coming at once, and telling you of it, I hid the rose under the bush on the ground. That is why I have been so sad."

"You are right, my dear, in owning your fault," said the lady. "I prized the rose very much; but you have not done much harm in plucking it, though you would have done great harm to yourself if you had not told of your fault, and been sorry for it."

IDA FAY.



ELLEN'S FAULT.

SPRING.

The Spring is come ! the Spring is come !
The brooks are merrily pouring ;
And the lambs are here, and the swallows appear,
And the lark aloft is soaring.

Old Winter is gone ! old Winter is gone !
And, pray, what prevented his stay ?
Why, March was his bane ; and the April rain
Has driven him quite away.

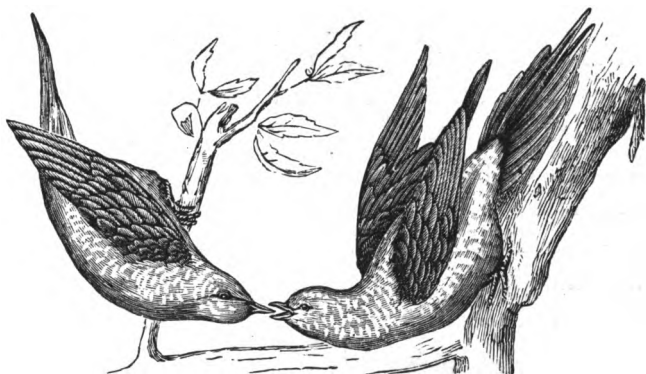
Look at the birds, the dear little birds !
They're singing on every bough,
And strain their throats with the blithest notes
To rejoice in the sweet Spring now.

They're building their nests and tending their nests,
And quarrelling now and then :
There's the blackbird sleek, with his golden beak,
And the thrush, and the tiny wren.

Come to the fields ! away to the fields !
We've lingered at home too long :
The sheep-bells ring, as the bright birds sing,
And the streamlet murmurs a song.

Never forget, child, never forget
Who it was made the world so fair ;
Who with flowers and trees, and mountains and seas,
Made it beautiful everywhere.

FROM THE GERMAN.



THE PIGEON AND THE CAT.

SOME pigeons are trained to be little carriers, and to fly from place to place with notes tied round their necks.

They often do their work very well ; but sometimes they loiter on their way, perhaps stopping, as little girls and boys sometimes do, to chatter with their friends, till they forget they have a message to deliver.

But, if they are quick, these carrier-pigeons can go much faster than any little boy or girl could ; for they sometimes fly a mile in one minute : and, although they go so fast, they do not get soon tired, but can go on flying for some time without resting.

In some countries, they build their nests always in trees. Sometimes, however, they build in very funny places, and make very strange friendships.

A hen-pigeon had built her nest in a hay-loft, where there were a great many rats. Now rats, you know, are very fond of young pigeons, though they seldom attack the full-grown birds.

So it was that this poor pigeon was made very sad by

these fierce rats, which sucked her eggs and killed her little ones.

After losing several of them, she began to build her nest in another part of the loft, close to the place where the cat's bed was; hoping, I suppose, that the cat would help her to defend her little pigeons.

Now, Mrs. Puss had also got some little ones she dearly loved, — four little kittens, which she was bringing up to hunt the mice in the loft; but they were very little, and she knew quite well, that, if she left them there alone, they were not strong enough to keep the fierce rats away from them.

So the old cat seldom left her straw bed in the hay-loft; and Mrs. Pigeon thought how very nice it would be, if, while Mrs. Puss was busy taking care of her own children, she would also take care of the little pigeons.

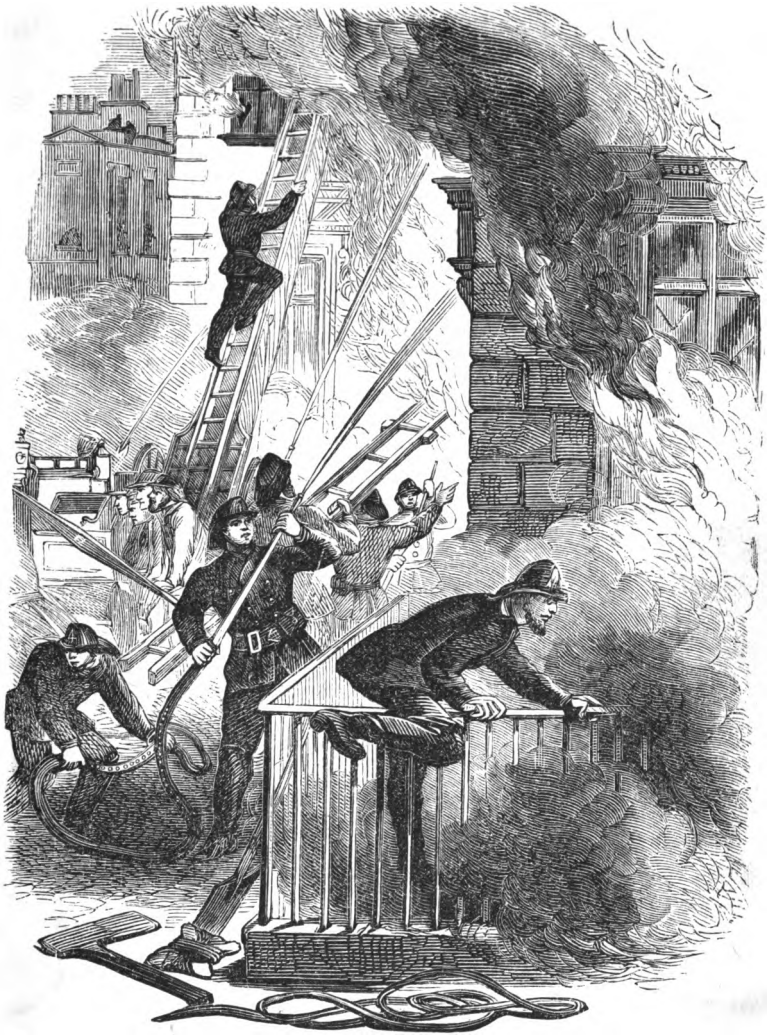
So she built her nest quite close to the cat's bed; and the two became great friends. The rats soon found out that they could have no more little pigeons for dinner, however much they might want them; for the old cat took such care of them, that the rats durst not come near.

In return for the cat's kindness, the old pigeon did all she could to make herself useful, and kept the kittens from harm when the cat was away.

And so the two families lived happily till they grew up, and the little ones were all able to take care of themselves. Was it not odd, that a cat and a pigeon should grow to be such good friends?

UNCLE CHARLES.





THE FIREMEN AT A FIRE.

HARK! the city bells are ringing !
What's the news that they are bringing ?
Now the sound comes nigher, nigher ;
And the cry is, " Fire, fire ! "

Start the engines! — quicker, faster;
Help to stop the great disaster!
Bring the hose, and bring the ladder:
See the flames grow mad and madder!

Now, boys, work away! be ready
With a stream that's full and steady:
On the smoking rafters pour it
Till the fire gives way before it.

Ah! what is it, as I clamber,
That I see in yonder chamber?
'Tis a child that love should cherish:
I must rescue it, or perish.

On a ladder, burning, bending,
See the fireman bold ascending:
At the risk of life, he's going
Where the fiercest flames are glowing.

From a bed the child he snatches.
Ah! the fire still wider catches:
It would stay him, and surround him;
But no danger can confound him.

See! a blazing timber crashes.
Through the blinding smoke he dashes:
At the window now appearing,
See him pause, his burden rearing.

But his pause was quickly ended,
As he faced that peril splendid:
Down he slid where flames would smother,
And the child gave to its mother.

EMILY CARTER.



THE PET CALF.

THERE was a little calf; and the milk of its old mother, the cow, was wanted for our tea-table: so it was decided that the calf must be sold to the butcher; for the flesh of the calf is what we call veal, and the butcher wanted to buy this little calf.

You may guess what he wanted to do with it. It is sad to think that little calves must be killed in order that we may have plenty of meat.

How sad I was at the thought that this little calf was to be taken away by the butcher! I cried at the thought; for I was but a child then.

Good Mary Lane, who worked for us, was quite as sorry as I was to have the little calf killed; and so she offered to bring it up by hand if my father would let her do so.

He told Mary at last that she might have the calf for her own. How glad Mary was to hear this! She sent off the butcher, though he offered her ten dollars for the calf.

Soon the little calf grew so fond of Mary, that it would follow her about wherever she went. We called the calf *Ida*. It grew up to be a fine cow; and, when it was two years old, my father bought it back from Mary; and *Ida* gave us nice milk for a long time.

I will show you a picture of Mary teaching *Ida* to follow her. Mary did not lose much by her kindness of heart. My father bought back *Ida* of her for fifty dollars.

EMILY CARTER



MARY AND THE GARDENER.

Mary. — What are you doing, sir, to these plants?

Gardener. — I am training them, my dear.

Mary. — What do you mean by *training* them?

Gardener. — I am straightening them up by tying them to sticks, so that they will grow straight, just as I hope you will, my dear.

Mary. — Do I not stand straight?

Gardener. — Yes, you are standing now quite straight;

but I have seen you stoop when reading or studying. It is a bad habit, my dear,—just as bad for a little girl as it is for a plant.

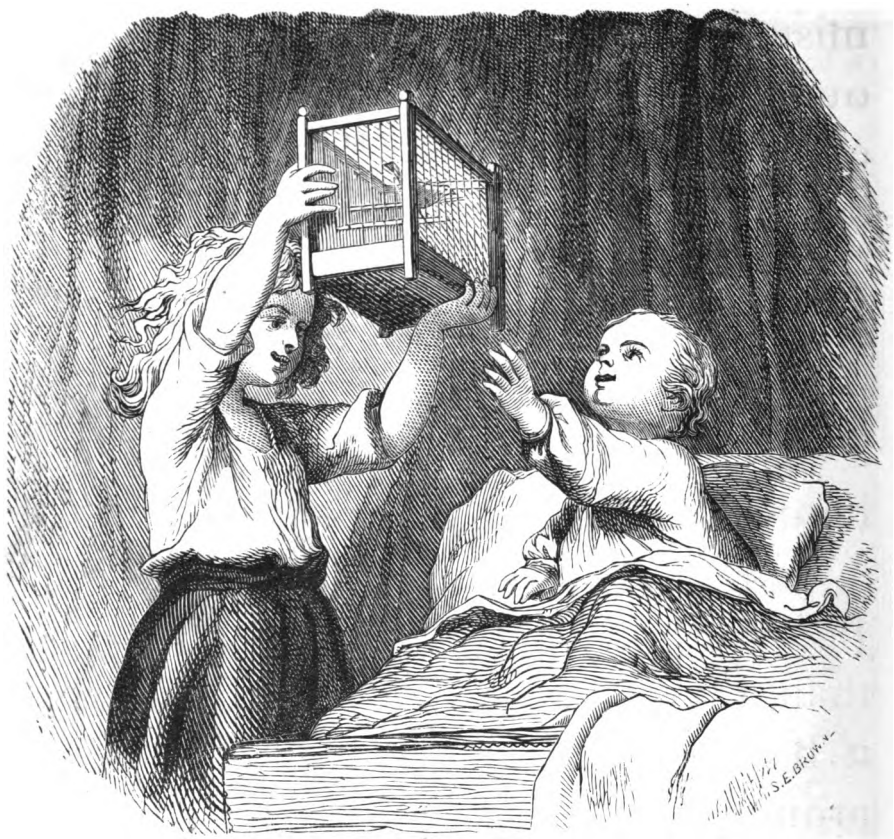
Mary.—I will try to cure myself of it, sir; and I thank you for telling me of it.



Gardener.—That's right, my dear little girl! Always be grateful to those who tell you, in kindness, of your faults. I will give you a flower to put in your hair.

Mary.—Thank you, sir: it shall remind me of your good advice.

IDA FAY.



JAMES'S REWARD.

ANN told her little brother James that she would make him a present if he would learn to count ten.

In a week, James had learnt to count ten without once making a

mistake. If Ann told him to count out two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, or ten apples, he would do it, and do it quickly.

So, one morning, bright and early, Ann took a present up to him while he was in bed. It was a little bird in a cage. James was so happy he could hardly speak.

It was a young bird: and Ann told James that he must not keep it more than a month; that he must then let it have its freedom, and fly. James promised he would let the little bird go free; and I know that he kept his word.

He opened the window one fine day, and said, "Now, little bird, try your wings." Then the bird flew out of the cage, and up in the air. James watched it till it was out of sight.

CHIP AND NIP.

ONE fine warm day in spring, Chip and Nip sat on a grape-vine, shaking and nodding their wise little heads as they talked in bird-talk to each other.

The vine on which they were sitting was near a farmhouse. They were talking of building a nest; and whether to build it here, or go to the woods, was the subject on which they were spending all those little chirps, nods, and winks.

Chip was in favor of a home in the woods; but, as Nip preferred the vine, he thought it but fair that she should have her choice, as she would be housekeeper. So it was settled; and both flew to the barnyard for hair to build with.

Soon they were as busy as bees, weaving the most beautiful nest you ever saw, as smooth as a cup, and fastened to its place in the vine with some cord they found near.

The next thing to be done was to furnish the nest; and they went again and again to the barnyard, where they found plenty of nice soft wool on the sides of the gate, which the sheep had rubbed off while passing through. This they made into a nice soft bed.

The next day, while Chip was away in the woods, Nip laid a beautiful egg in the nest. It was blue, with brown spots on one end; and she felt much pleased to think what a happy surprise it would be for Chip when he came home.

He was as much pleased as herself, and said there could be no prettier sight than that lovely egg lying there on the white wool, with his pretty, bright-eyed wife looking down upon it.

Nip received his praises with much modesty, and, in a few days, laid two more just like the first: so, of course, there were three.

Then Nip nestled down softly on the eggs, and sat there most of the time for some days.

A little boy used to come on tip-toe to the window, and watch Chip as he flew in and out of the vine, bringing worms to Nip; but he was so quiet, that they soon got used to seeing him, and missed him if he did not come.



One day, as Nip was quietly sitting there, winking at the little boy at the window, she heard a faint "peep" under her wing. She moved herself a little, and saw a little hole in the side of one of the eggs. A little beak was inside, pecking away at the shell. Soon, with her own help, the hole was made large enough for two bright little eyes to look through. Then Nip and the little bird inside worked

still harder; and soon the shell came off, and there was a little bird no bigger than a bumble-bee.

The same thing happened to the other two eggs; and, when Chip came home with the dinner, there were three little mouths open, ready to take it. Dear good Nip waited for hers till they had had all they wanted. It was not long, for they were too young to eat much.

Both the birds took great pains, and fed the little ones every day; and Nip covered them with her wings at night and through all the stormy days; and both took care of them till they were large enough to take care of themselves.

MRS. E. J. ROGERS.



FANNY AND DICKY.

FANNY is five years old, and Dicky is seven. They are very fond of each other, and have nice times together with their blocks and toys. But I am going to tell you about a play which they enjoy very much. They play it in the nursery, or in their mamma's chamber. Their older sister Sue, and the nurse Sarah, play with them. It is called "INTRODUCE TO THE KING AND QUEEN."

This is the way they play it: They take two chairs, and place them apart, leaving the width of another chair between them. They then spread their papa's blanket-shawl over the chairs; while Dicky sits on the end of the shawl on one chair, and Fanny on the other, leaving a seat between them. Fanny is then queen, and Dicky is king. Sister Sue will then bring in Sarah the nurse to introduce her to the king and queen. Sarah is a tall woman, wearing a cap, and knows how to enter very handsomely. She is introduced with much pomp to the king and queen, and is asked by Sister

Sue to take a seat between them, which she does very humbly.

Dicky and Fanny, all ready for the fun, rise at that moment, and, lo! Sarah falls between the chairs in such a way as to please the little ones. Then there is such a clapping of hands, that it takes some time to be still again.

Then Fanny says that she must be introduced; and nurse Sarah takes her seat as queen. Fanny goes out till all is

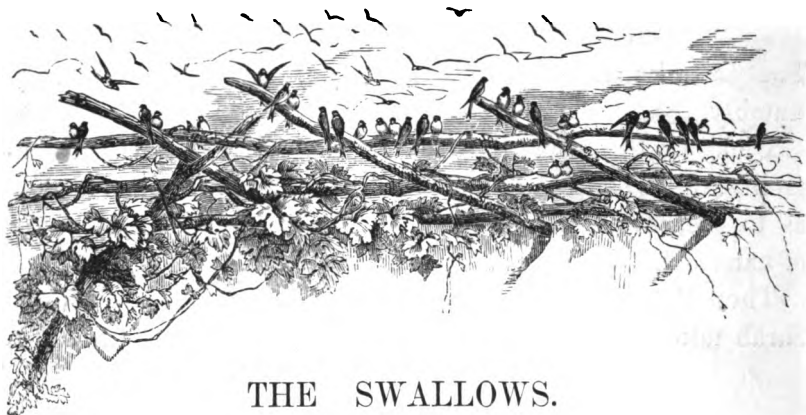


ready; and, when the signal is given, she enters with her head high, and her toes turned out, to be presented; and she, too, gets a fall and a sprawl.

Sister Sue and Dicky each have their turns; and, when grandma will be introduced, the fun is greater than ever: but they slip a pillow under slyly when she plays.

I think it is a good plan always to put the pillow under, so that nobody can get hurt by the fall.

GRANDMA.



THE SWALLOWS.

SINCE one swallow does not make a summer,
Come, O West Wind! come with many a comer!
Let the swallows come with spring-days sunny:
They shall have a home; we'll ask no money.

See them gather!—hear them scold and chatter!—
On the fence: now, what can be the matter?
Little birds should loving be, and quiet:
Why, then, swallows, why, then, make a riot?

See them! hear them! they are welcome, very:
Now we soon shall have the spring-days merry.
Time of blossoms, time of song and flowers:
O the happy, happy spring-time hours!

EMILY CARTER.





OLD HERO.

OLD HERO.



ANN and her little sister Mary went out to the pasture one bright summer day, to see the old horse. The horse stood in the shade of the great elm-tree ; and, as the two girls came up, he put his head over the fence, as though he was glad to see them.

"Let me feed him," said Mary ; and she plucked a bunch of clover to give to the horse.

But, when she held it to his mouth, he reached out for it with his upper lip, and gave a slight snort that startled the little girl. She drew back timidly.

"Don't be afraid," said Ann. "He will not hurt you. Good old horse ! See me pat him on the head."

Then little Mary took courage, and let the old horse eat the clover from her hand.

Now I must tell you something about this old horse. Mary's father, who was a doctor, bought him when he was a colt, and named him Hero. For many and many a year he carried the doctor on his rounds, and served the whole family faithfully.

He was older than the oldest of the doctor's children ; and was such a gentle, steady, useful creature, that they all became much attached to him.

By and by, Hero grew so old that he was not able to do his usual work. One day a man said to the doctor, "That horse is of no use to you now. Sell him to me. I will give you twelve dollars for him. I want him to work in my treadmill."

Wasn't there an outcry in the house when the folks heard this ? The idea of selling old Hero to be worked in a tread-

mill! That was too bad. But the doctor's answer to the man settled the matter very soon.

"My friend," said he, "there is not money enough in your town to buy this horse for a treadmill."

Soon after this, old Hero got so lame that he was not fit to work at all. Then somebody said, "That horse is good for nothing. I would kill him if I were you."

There was another outburst in the family when the doctor told this. "Papa," said Mary, with her lip quivering, "if you let old Hero be killed, you will be a cruel man."

"That's just what I think," said the doctor. "No, old fellow," said he, patting Hero, "you shall not be killed. You shall have no more work to do. You shall take your ease. You shall have the best stall in the stable, and we will take care of you as long as you live."

So, after that, Hero was one of the family pets. In the summer, his shoes were taken off, and he was put in the richest pasture to roam at will.

He lived upon the fat of the land, and grew so strong and hearty, that, when I last saw him, the old, broken-down horse was frisking about like a young colt.

I wish that all horses could have such a happy old age.

UNCLE SAM.





GRACE.

I LOVED to look upon the face
Of golden-haired and blue-eyed Grace ;
And yet it brought sad thoughts to
mind,
For darling little Grace was blind.

She could not roam in sunny hours ;
She could not gather summer flowers ;
She could not see her mother's face, —
Alas for darling little Grace !

But she could hear the robins sing,
And feel the soft, warm air of spring ;
And by their dear, familiar tone,
Were all her friends and kindred known.

And she was happy and resigned,
And murmured not that she was blind:
Her hope was in that world of light
In which the blind receive their sight.

KATE CAMERON.



DOLLY'S SHOES.

MARY SIMES had a wax doll as large as a live baby. She cared a great deal about her, and used to dress her every morning, and put her to bed every night, and keep her clothes in nice order.

One day, Mary's Uncle Charles said to her, —

“Mary, your birthday will come next week. What shall I give you?”

Now, Mary had for some time wished that her doll could have a new pair of shoes, — nice brown or red or blue ones, such as real babies have. So she said, —

"O uncle ! I should like a pair of new shoes for Dolly, better than any thing else."

"Well," said her uncle, "you shall take Dolly and go with me to a shoe-store on your birthday, and get some shoes to fit her."

Mary clapped her hands, danced about, and told every one in the house of Uncle Charles's promise.

The day before her birthday, she went with her mother to see Anne Rand, who used to be her nurse. Anne had a baby of her own, just learning to creep. Mary saw that the baby's shoes were very shabby, and were worn through at the toes. On her way home, Mary said, —

"Mamma, why don't Anne give her baby better shoes?"

"Because she is poor, dear, and has not money to spare for them," said her mother.

Mary was very quiet that evening, and seemed to be thinking. The next day, when she was ready to go out with her uncle, she said, "Uncle Charlie, may I get some shoes for Anne's baby, instead of Dolly?"

"Certainly, if you would rather," said her uncle. So the shoes were bought, and Mary carried them to the baby. Anne was very thankful; and Mary took far more pleasure in seeing the baby wear the shoes than she would have had in keeping them for her doll.

MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.

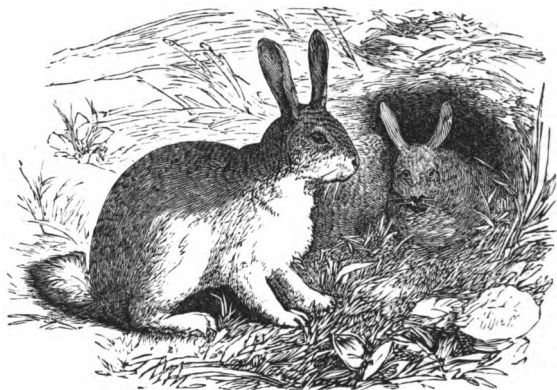


HOW BUNNY BUILT HER NEST, AND WHAT WE FOUND IN IT.

ONE day, Bunny would not come for the apples and cabbage-leaves which I took her for dinner. So, opening the door of her little pen, I crept in softly, and what do you think I found ?

Why, there was Bunny under a large box in which she had her bed of hay, digging a hole in the ground with her front paws. When she had heaped up a great pile of earth, she would stop digging, and kick it high in the air with her long hind feet, scattering it all over the pen; then back she would go to her digging.

Suddenly she stopped, and threw herself down on her side, panting, and tired out. Then seeing me, she got on her feet, like the sober old rabbit she had always been, and came to



eat her dinner, as if nothing had happened. Then she lay down to sleep, not so much as looking at her morning's work.

When I crept back to have a look at the hole, she only lazily turned her head towards it, and then shut her eyes, as much as to say to me, "That's not worth looking at,—that ugly black hole; that's good for nothing. Go to sleep: that's better than looking down holes." Well, there really was nothing there but earth; so I gave it up, and went into the house.

But, when I came out with Bunny's supper, where do you think I found her? Perhaps you can guess. In the hole?

Yes, there she was; and, by this time, so deep that I could only see the tip of her tail, and the great showers of dirt that her hind feet were kicking into the air.

The next day there was no digging; but all day long Bunny ran from her bed to the hole with her mouth full of pieces of her nice hay bed.

The next day, Bunny's actions were stranger yet. She was pulling off the soft, warm fur from her own breast and neck. When she had her mouth full, she would run down into the hole. Then she would come up with an empty mouth, and sit down to pull again.

By noon, she had pulled out all of her own hair that she could reach. Then came the funniest thing of all. The poor old male Bunny, who had been sitting comfortably all day, either asleep or munching cabbage-leaves, suddenly felt a bite right in the softest part of his fur.

He ran up and down the pen, in and out of every hole and corner. But it was no use. Gray Bunny was as fast as he, and got so many nips of his fur, that he looked at last as though he had been shaved in spots all over his body.

The next day, all was changed. There was no more digging, no more carrying hay, no more pulling hair. My old gray Bunny staid in the hole from morning till night, only running up for a few minutes to eat. And so it was for many days.

Every day we wanted more and more to know what Bunny could have down in the damp earth, to make her forget the happy time she might be having above ground.

By the end of three weeks, we could wait no longer. Dick and I decided to dig into the hole, and find out for ourselves what Bunny had there, since she would not show us herself.

We could not dig with our spades; for what if she had

some little rabbits down there, and we should cut off their heads or their tails! How sad that would be! It was not to be thought of. So down we went on our knees, and dug and dug with our hands, till we were up to our elbows in dirt.

Pretty soon we found the hole (or burrow, as mother said we ought to call it) wider, and bits of hay and fur sprinkled here and there, showing that we must be near the place where Bunny kept her treasure. And, sure enough, in a minute more we came right upon it.

What do you think it was? You will guess, I know. A nest, as we had thought? Yes: a nest made of hay, and nicely lined with gray and white fur.

But though it was so nice, we hardly looked at it, there was something so much more beautiful in it; for, just as we had hoped, there were some dear little rabbits,—seven of them, gray with blue eyes, and white with pink eyes; one white one with a little gray collar, and one gray one with a pretty white star on its forehead. I can't begin to tell you how pretty they were.

They soon became quite contented and happy in our arms, and even ate some little bits of apple, though it took them a long time, their teeth were so small.

From that day, Bunny's nest was no secret, and her seven babies were our prettiest playthings.

MARGARET ANDREWS ALLEN.





THE BIRDS.

THE snow-birds have gone away
to find a cooler home. They do not

like warm weather. But the summer birds have come back to us with the green leaves and the flowers.

If you live in the country, you may hear the birds sing the first thing in the morning. They fill the whole air with their music. It is the most gladsome of all sounds.

Or you may see them at almost any time of day flying about among the trees. Look at the birds in the picture. There are ten of them. One of them is almost hidden by the leaves.

These birds are looking sharply after flies. See them turn up their pretty heads, and open their little bills! As soon as they spy a fly with their bright little eyes, see how swiftly they dart after it! The poor little fly is sure to be caught.



JOHNNY GREY.

A ROGUISH little fellow, whose name was Johnny Grey,
Went out one pleasant morning in haste to drive away
A flock of hungry doves that were eating up the corn
Which Johnny had thrown out for the hens to breakfast on.

“You greedy little pigeons!” cried little Johnny Grey:
“That is the biddies’ breakfast; so please to go away.”
Away flew all the pigeons, but did not long remain:
The moment Johnny vanished, they all flew back again.

Then back went little Johnny, as softly as a mouse ;
The pigeons heard him coming, and flew upon the house :
Their eyes looked very knowing, and plainly seemed to say,
“ What would you give to catch us, you roguish Johnny Grey ? ”

“ Ho, ho ! ” said little Johnny : “ I know what I will do ;
I’ll make a little slipnoose, and catch a dove or two.
As fast as I can catch them, I’ll put them in my cage :
Oh ! won’t they jump and flutter, they’ll be in such a rage ! ”

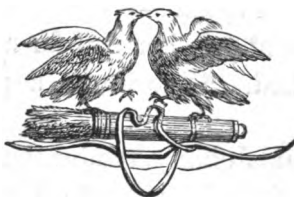
So Johnny made a slipnoose of very slender string ;
But, when he tried to pull it, the little doves took wing :
“ Oh ! what can be the matter ? ” said roguish Johnny Grey :
“ My trap will never catch them, so quick they fly away.

“ But father has a plenty of oats and nice sweet corn :
I’ll try and tame the pigeons if they come to-morrow morn.
They look so neat and pretty : what slender little feet !
They seem so very hungry, I’ll stay and see them eat.”

So roguish little Johnny next morn was at the door,
And let the doves eat breakfast with the biddies as before.
Ten happy little pigeons were cooing all that day,
“ What a good boy, good boy, good boy, is little Johnny Grey ! ”

NORTH ANDOVER, MASS.

AUNT CLARA.



TOO MANY P'S.

WHEN Johnny was about six years old, he was sent, early one morning, to Miss Pearson's store on an errand. Miss Pearson and her sick sister lived alone together, and they had no one to help them.

They often asked Johnny to do an errand for them ; and he was always happy to do it, for he liked to be kind and useful. Miss Pearson always thanked Johnny, and often gave him a stick of candy or a roll of lozenges out of her store.

On this Monday morning, Miss Pearson asked Johnny to take a little tin pail to her neighbor, Mrs. Peck, and get a pint of milk. Johnny took the pail, and went whistling off. He was just learning to whistle. He was a very bashful boy, and always afraid he should make some mistake. He did not know Mrs. Peck, but he knew her small boy ; and he thought he would tell the boy what he wanted, instead of telling the mother.

When he got to the house, he saw nothing of the small boy ; so he walked up to the kitchen door, and knocked.

A tall woman opened the door. Johnny hesitated a little.

"Well, little boy, what do you want?" said she.

"Miss Pearson wants to know," said he, "if Mrs. Pint will let her have a peck of" —

He saw the woman smile a little ; and, growing very red in the face, he began again : —

"Miss Pearson sent you her pail for a peck" —

Mrs. Peck laughed. "She wants a pint of milk, doesn't she?" said she.

"Yes, ma'am," said Johnny, redder than before, but greatly relieved. He carried the milk to Miss Pearson, and then ran home with a stick of candy, to tell his mother what he

tried to say, and what a piece of work he made saying it; and said he, "I hope I shall never have to say any thing again that has so many p's in it."

His mother thought it would be a good plan for him to practise a while in saying, "Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers; and a peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked; if Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled peppers, where's the peck of pickled peppers Peter Piper picked?"

H. W.



MIND YOUR STEPS.

GEORGE caught sight of a big brown butterfly. "I will have that fellow," said George. So off he dashed after the butterfly, hat in hand. Down in the hollow, up on the hill, over the lawn, — away he went at full speed. "Now I've got him," said George, making a swoop with his hat.

Well, George did not get the butterfly. The picture shows you what he did get. I wonder if the butterfly laughed to see him sprawling on the ground!

If butterflies can laugh, I think this one did; for he looked on very saucily while George was picking himself up, and then whisked away over the fields, as much as to say, "Would you like to try another race with me, my young friend? Good by! I must leave you."

THE GOOSE-MARCH.

ROBERT is a stout little country boy, about eight years old. He lives with his uncle, in an out-of-the-way place where there are no near neighbors. He goes to school in the winter; but, in summer, he is kept at home to work on the farm.

Robert has no brothers or sisters. There are no little boys to play with him. He goes without shoes, and wears patched clothes. He has no toys, and very few books.

But, for all that, Robert is a bright and merry boy; and he is a good boy too. He has a way of getting his own fun out of every thing around him. He makes famous willow-whistles, and plays on them with great skill. He traps birds, and tames them. He has a pet woodchuck; and he wants very much to have a bear.

The poultry of the farm are in Robert's special care. He is very proud of his chickens and ducks. But the geese are his favorites. He has a pet name for every one of them; and he has got them in such good training that they follow him at the sound of his whistle.

Now, perhaps somebody may say that Robert is a goose himself, to be so fond of his geese. We call a person "a goose," you know, when we mean that he is silly or stupid. But anybody who thinks that Robert is stupid is very much mistaken.

As to the geese, though they have an awkward gait, a harsh voice, and perhaps a stupid look, they are in fact a pretty bright bird. Wild geese show a good deal of smartness in keeping out of harm's way. They fly at a great height, so as to be out of the reach of shot. They fly in good order, following their leader. When they stop to feed



or sleep, they always put a sentinel on guard. That is not very stupid, is it?

Geese are raised sometimes for the sake of their quills and feathers. The quills are used to make pens, and the feathers for beds and pillows. I am scrry to say that the quills and feathers are plucked from the living geese, which I think is a very cruel practice.

In this part of the world, geese are raised mostly for the table. The goose is naturally a very long-lived bird. It has been known to live a hundred years. But it never gets a chance now-a-days to show what it can do in this way. In the very prime of life, it is cut off to make somebody a dinner.

I hope that Robert will let one of his geese live to a good old age. An aged goose — say about eighty years old — would be something worth seeing.

JANE OLIVER.



DON'T BLOW OUT THE GAS.

THERE was a little boy named Andrew, who thought that he knew better than older folks what ought to be done.

Once he went to make a visit to his uncle who lived in the city; and, when the maid went up to show him where he was to sleep, she told him about the gas, and said he must not blow it out, but put it out in a way she explained.

But, after she had gone, Andrew said to himself, "I think I know as much as that girl does. I have been used all my life to blowing out candles; and why shouldn't I blow out this gas?"

So the foolish boy blew out the gas. No sooner had he done this than he began to smell a very bad smell. It grew

worse and worse, till he could hardly breathe. Then he ran to the door, and called for his uncle.

His uncle came up, and saw what had been done. At once, he turned down the gas, and said, "Did not the girl tell you not to blow out the gas?"



"Yes, sir," said Andrew; "but I didn't see the sense of it."

"Boys like you," said his uncle, "should heed what an older person says to them, even when they do not see the sense of it. You might have set the house on fire by your foolish conduct in blowing out the gas after you had been told not to do it."

Andrew was much mortified, and felt that he did not know as much as he thought he did. He is now willing to learn from others; and in this way he does not blunder as he once did. He will never blow out the gas again.



DINNER-TIME.

Din, din, din !
We're ready to begin :
We're so hungry that we can't wait.

Oh, what a clatter
Of spoon and of platter !
What's Mary doing, she's so late ?

Drum, drum, drum !
Now she has come.
Look at naughty Ned with his plate upon his head.

Din, din, din !
Now we'll begin.
Mary brings the soup, and father cuts the bread.



AMY AT THE DINNER-TABLE.

HERE is Amy trying to carve a chicken for her dinner; and the two dogs, Brick and Trump, are looking on as if they would like very much to have Amy throw them a drum-stick to pick.

If Amy would look out of the window, she might see the hens and the chickens and the ducks all hunting for food in the grass or on the ground.

After dinner, Amy said to her mamma, "You told me that it is what I eat that makes me grow. But what is it that makes the flowers grow? They cannot eat."

"They can drink, can they not?" asked Mrs. Dudley.

"But how can they drink?" said Amy.

"Look at your rose-tree," replied mamma: "it has not one mouth only, but a great many. You cannot see them, because they are all under ground."

"But where can I find them?" asked Amy.

"They are at the ends of the roots. I will show you, some day, how the ends have little spongy things fixed to them, which suck up the food of the plants."

"The food of the plants, mamma?"

"Yes: the water which sinks into the earth, when you pour it over the flowers, can get into these little spongy mouths, and go up into the plants."

"How funny!" cried Amy. "Why, that is just as if we drank with our feet! But we couldn't live, could we, if we had only water to drink, and nothing to eat?"

"No," said mamma; "but you see it is not only water that the plants and trees get: the water goes through the soil, and gets out of that a great deal that feeds the tree, and makes it grow."

"The soil makes it a sort of tree-broth, does it, mamma? Could I grow strong and tall, as the trees do, if I had only milk or broth to drink, and nothing to eat?"

"No," said her mother. "You would do better on milk than on broth; but, now that you are not a baby, you want food to eat as well as to drink to make you strong and tall. God has made both you and the tree in such a way that you both want food. Neither of you could live without it; but you are not made alike, and so you want different kinds of food."

AUTHOR OF "GOOD DOGS," &c.



FAST DRIVING.

"No lazy old pony, no crazy old chaise,
But a stylish barouche and two spirited grays!
These are horses worth driving: right onward we spin.
Don't be scared, sister Ellen: *I'm holding them in.*"

I'm holding them in. I'm not running a race;
Just jogging along at a two-forty pace.
Trust to me. Never fear that I'll upset my load;
But I'm going to pass every horse on the road."

"Now stop, master Tom: I have something to say.
I think that your horses are running away."

It is all very fine to be cutting a dash ;
But, the next thing you know, we'll be all in a smash !

Do please go more slowly. I'm frightened to death :
Such terrible speed puts me quite out of breath.
Besides, the poor horses ! Such driving's a sin."
"Don't be scared, sister Ellen : *I'm holding them in !*"

Thus Tom talked to Ellen, thus Ellen replied,
While taking a make-believe afternoon-ride.
Such horses as Tom's there's no money can buy,
Because — don't you see ? — they are "all in his eye."

UNCLE SAM.



HOW CARLO TOOK CARE OF THE BABY.

ONE day, Katy the nurse took Julie and her elder sister Lizzie, and went to the woods. They had got some way into the woods before they found that Carlo, the black Newfoundland dog that Julie's papa owned, had followed them.

Katy the nurse said, "We will put Julie down by a tree, and hide in the woods to see what Carlo will do when he finds Julie alone." So they put the baby down by a tree, and ran off and hid in the woods.

When Carlo came up and found Julie alone, he began to bark as loud as he could, to call somebody ; but, as nobody came, he must have thought, "I will look around, and see if I can find anybody to take care of this little baby. She must not be left alone." When he found Katy and Lizzie, he was very much delighted, and pulled their dresses and barked to make them follow him and take Julie. Was he not a wise old dog ? This is a true story.

MARY L. DAVIS (aged eleven).



THE BATH.

NURSE will wash the baby all clean, clean.
Little toes, the baby knows, must be washed between.
My baby will not cry, — No, no, no !
Patty cake, patty cake, baker's man, — so, so, so.

Little pigs to market go, five and fine to show.
Now, see here ; we'll wash his ear : it must be done, you know.
Oh, dear ! oh, dear ! he'll cry, I fear. Well, well, now nurse is
through :
¶ He's nurse's darling, precious boy, with eyes so big and blue.

BETH.



WHERE IS TOMMY?

TOMMY was a little boy not more than two years old. One day, Tommy could not be found. When his papa and mamma came home, there was no little boy to run to the door to meet them, and to cry, "I want a kiss!"

Where was he? No one knew. The men were sent this way and that. They went into the yard, they ran to look in the fields, they went all down the lane that led to the town: they could not hear of the boy; no one had seen the boy, no one could say where he was.

His poor mamma was in a sad fright. Where could Tommy be? She looked into all the rooms and all the closets; but no one was to be seen.

At last some one said, "Who has seen Pompey?"

Now, Pompey was a great strong dog. He and Tommy had been good friends. His kennel was in a corner of the garden, where nobody had thought of looking.

Then Tommy's papa and mamma went, as fast as they could go, to the place where the dog was kept; and there, sure enough, they found Tommy!

The little rogue had heard them calling; and, when they came up, he was on his hands and knees crawling into the kennel to hide.

Old Pompey sat looking on as though he thought it a good joke.

Tommy's papa and mamma treated it as a joke too. But they told Tommy that a dog-kennel was not a good place for little boys, and that he must never again try to hide when he heard his mother calling him.

TROTTEE'S AUNT.



TOMMY'S MAMMA HAS GIVEN HIM A SLATE AND PENCIL.



IN THE MORNING.

THE sun is up ; and its cheerful rays
Shine ; all things round adorning.
A sluggard is he in bed who stays :
Like the sun, let us rise in the morning.

The silv'ry brooklet goes purling past,
All bright in the early dawning ;
It seems to run onward twice as fast :
Like the brook, let us run in the morning.

The thrifty wild bees are flying out,
All sloth and slumber scorning ;
O'er field and garden they're humming about :
Like the bee, let us work in the morning.

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